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THE PRESS.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

The *Evening Post's* lesson drawn from the elections is as follows:

THE LESSON OF THE ELECTIONS.

It was almost universally expected that the elections in this State would result in favor of the Democrats. It was scarcely expected, however, that the majorities would be so large. Sixty-one thousand in this city, and twenty-five thousand in the State, justify the explosive utterances of the *World*, which claims pretty much the whole earth for its party. It could well sing:

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours."

In Massachusetts the Republicans elect their governor, and still retain a majority in the legislature; but it is a majority opposed to the recent prohibitory legislation of that State, and which will doubtless change it into a judicious system of excise. Even in Kansas—a state built up by Republicans and thronged by Republicans—the voters discriminate; they choose Republican officers, but they do not choose at present to extend the franchise to women and Africans.

Is it a reaction? Have the Republicans lost their hold of the affections of the masses; have they ceased to be the popular party, and must they go, like the former Whigs, into a permanent minority? or is this manifestation of the people's will a mere passing chastisement, intended to rebuke their faults, and bring them back to moderation, common sense and policy? We think the latter interpretation is the correct one. The Republicans have had entire power and responsibility ever since the close of the war; they were called upon to restore the Union, to put our finances on a stable, consistent and reasonable basis, so that business men might know what to look forward to; and to devise a system of taxation which should supply the wants of the Treasury, without interfering too much with the productive industry of the nation.

These three things were required of them; but they have accomplished neither success fully; they have bungled in all of them; and the people are dissatisfied. Our methods of raising revenue are unscientific, complicated, and oppressive; our financial management is without fixed principle or plan—not wholly unskillful, for Secretary McCulloch looks and acts towards an important end, the resumption of specie payments—but yet sufficiently so to keep the commercial mind in a state of uncertainty and chronic fever. As for reconstruction, it is not in so hopeful a condition now as it was a year ago, when the Constitutional Amendment—article XIV.—was passed. Nearly all that Congress has since done has been needless, violent, unstatesmanlike—we might almost say fanatical.

That amendment, our readers will recollect, secured the civil rights of all men in the States, by prohibiting every kind of class legislation, and demanding equal protection for all rights of person and property; it disfranchised only the few who had perjured themselves, after taking the oath of fidelity to the Union, and their disabilities Congress was empowered to remove as they gave token of repentance and reform; it commanded and controlled the suffrage nowhere, leaving it to the States themselves, but providing that a State which discriminated against race or color should be represented on the basis, not of its whole population, but of the actual voting population which it acknowledged, and it guaranted the loyal while it disowned the rebel debt, making the former obligatory on all and the latter illegal and void. These provisions covered the whole case; they arose out of the circumstances of the country, as it was left at the close of the war; it was not "another leap forward," but a growth; it was an adaptation of the law to the imperative needs of the time; it was in accordance with the public sentiment and the public conscience; and more than all, it would have been accepted by the States. If it had been proclaimed as a finality, the South would have gladly acceded to its terms; and then, under the motives to an enlargement of suffrage which it holds out, the franchise would have been rapidly extended to the negroes who were intelligent enough to make a good use of the trust. From the States themselves would have come a law of general applicability, doing away with the test of race or color. Every desirable end of statesmanship might have been reached without shock, without lesion, without arousing prejudices, without arraying the races at the South against each other, to the detriment of both.

But wisdom of this obvious kind did not suit the extreme leaders of Congress, who, having an almost unchecked majority to work with, could do as they pleased. They would only be satisfied with shearing the Executive of the powers which render him responsible, and with dictating to the States their domestic constitutions. Some of them went so far as to propose that a uniform law of suffrage should be forced upon all the States, loyal as well as rebel, in equal disregard of the policy of the Constitution and of the opinions of the people. Along with this high-handed and outrageous scheme came reports of others, of a determination to suspend the President during the process of his impeachment—flagrantly in conflict with both the letter and spirit of the law; of plans to distribute confiscated estates among the freedmen; and of a gigantic system of education, under the control of the General government, which would have added still more enormous powers to its already congested structure, and furnished new means of interference with the rights of the citizen.

It was to correct these mistakes, to arrest these designs, to put the party of the war on a better path, that the people have spoken. Republicanism, they say, must not be tied to the tail of the New York *Tribune*, to follow the fortunes of its idiosyncracies and foibles. It must plant itself upon sound, broad, progressive, popular principles, and discar ling alike its fanatics of one idea and its politicians of more than one corruption, accept the guidance of its statesmen. The first will dazzle it with the will-o'-the-wisps that will ultimately lure it into ruin; the second will cover it with eternal disgrace and infamy; but the third will tell it the truth, will purify it of its errors, and enable it to sway, for many years to come, the hearts of the discerning and honest masses.

A GRANT PARTY.

The *Herald* says:

The lesson to be learned from these recent elections is easy and plain. It means that the people condemn the military reconstruction laws, the Tenure of Office bill, and all the violent coercive measures of the last and present Congress, and declare that all such legislation shall be swept away. It means the repudiation of both the Copperhead and Jacobin factions, and a determination to take a new departure with new men and a new line of policy. It means that while the loyal men of the North demand the full consummation of the freedom of the negro race and favor their enfranchisement under State laws, with a property qualification, as in the Northern States, they also demand the instant abolition of military governments in the Southern districts, the generous treatment of the white citizens of the South, and their speedy restoration to their lost rights. It means a reform in our whole financial system and a reduction of the national expenditures and taxation.

There is but one way to ensure that the popular will shall be fully carried out, and that is by the immediate nomination of Gen. Grant for President of the United States by a grand popular movement, independent of all parties, cliques and factions. Let the people of New York, of all shades of politics, call at once a great public meeting for this purpose, and thus form in the comercial metropolis, whose voice is loudest against radicalism, the nucleus of a Grant party which shall spread all over the country. Under such a leader succes is assured. Grant's whole career in the war and since the war proves that the principles endorsed by the popular voice are these which actuate his course of life. As a soldier he was brave and determined, as a conqueror reasonable and liberal, and as a public officer in time of peace he has established a grand reputation for economy, retrenchment and executive ability. All the principles he has contended for during the war and since its close assure the country that reconstruction on a fair and liberal basis, and the reduction of the national debt by two hundred and fifty millions the first year, would be the immediate fruits of his election to the Presidency. While he is dumb to the persuasions and blandishments of the politicians, he would respond to the voice of his countrymen, appealing to him without distinction of party, and his words would be such as to show that the confidence reposed in him would not be misplaced. Let such a movement as we indicate at once be made in New York, and the new party, with Grant, retrenchment and reform for its watchwords, will carry the whole of the States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and sweep into the two oceans every vestige of Copperheadism and Jacobinism, with all their stock in trade of secession, African barbarism, national banks, class legislation and enormous taxation.

THE FUTURE.

The *World* says:

The zeal with which the *World* has labored in the canvass dispenses it from any necessity of saying how deeply it is gratified with the auspicious result. It may therefore proceed at once to state its views of the new situation.

It is of the first consequence that the Democratic party, in the position of influence it now assumes, should neither misconceive the causes, nor miscalculate the consequences, of these great successes. It will not do to assume that we have won by a simple exertion of our own party strength. The fact is true, whether we recognize it or not, that we are indebted for this magnificent and manifold triumph to citizens who have not, for the last few years, acted with the Democratic party. In this city and the neighboring towns of New Jersey, to our knowledge, Republicans have voted the Democratic tickets; and we suppose we must have had more or less assistance of this kind in all parts of the country. But a larger proportion of Republicans have staid away from the polls and lent us indirect aid almost as valuable. Our success in the future will depend upon the continuance of this cooperation; we shall be fatally blind if we do not cultivate and keep it. It is our true policy to render it easy, or at least not difficult, for liberal Republicans to act the same part in the Presidential election which they have acted in so many State elections this year; a result which an attempt to revive the identical politics of 1798, or 1832, or 1856 will have no tendency to accomplish. Whatever was good in the Democratic policy of those several eras, and pertinent to the situation of the country, can stand on its own reasons without opening any venerated coffins to find precedents. It is not expedient to brandish winding sheets in the eyes of living men who may have a superstitious antipathy to the habiliments of the grave, especially if asked to use them as ordinary wearing apparel. We suspect that the living generation may object to wearing not merely the grave clothes, but even the coats of the generation that is past. Our garments must be made to our measure; fitted to our form; even though of the same material. Nor would it be disrespectful to our predecessors to change the cut and the fashion if ease of movement or grace of appearance may be thereby promoted. Our political institutions, like our garments, are worn for our comfort, and intrinsic fitness needs explore no old wardrobes to keep itself in countenance. Our predecessors were wise, but we, with the advantage of both their experience and ours, ought to be wiser. We owe them manly appreciation, not superstitious servility. If each living generation is not wise enough to manage its own affairs, the democratic theory is all wrong. It would be better to accept of hereditary rulers, who live with the generation they govern, and thereby know something of its wants, than to take for our governors even the wisest of the dead. They knew nothing of our times, however well they understood their own. Sense and self-reliance, not servility to obsolete precedents, is the spirit of a people truly democratic. The great merit of our fathers consisted in the self-reliant courage with which they broke loose from inapplicable precedents; and if we act in their spirit we shall make some precedents, break some, follow some; and act equally upon our own judgment in doing either.

It is not merely courtesy to acknowledge, but politic to appreciate, the aid we have received in these elections from Republicans. A few Republican politicians and presses have covertly aided us as a means of facilitating the nomination of Gen. Grant by their party. The reasoning of these schemers has been correct, but their influence very slight. The great body of the people do not enter into the spirit of such finessing tactics. The Republicans by whose assistance we have won these great triumphs have acted from more simple and straightforward views. Their sense of fairness has been violated by the domineering and extortionate policy of their party leaders; and it is chiefly in the interest of fair play, according to their sense of it, that they have given us their co-operation. It is a repugnance to extreme measures, a desire to see these agitating controversies settled on a basis just and moderate enough to secure general acquiescence, and therefore likely to be enduring, that has led some Republicans to vote with us, and more to abstain from voting against us. But they will no more follow us to extremes than follow the Radicals. But if we do not stupidly insist on cutting a Winter coat from Summer cloth, and fitting it to the measure of a past generation instead of the present, they will have no great objection to wear the uniform of our regiment and continue the march.

We stand on a strong vantage ground which may be cut from under us if we fail to "understand our epoch," and to seize events by the forelock. If the people intrust us with the government of the country, it will be because we convince them by a large, liberal spirit, and a broad grasp of the situation, that we are capable of devising a policy which will settle public tranquility on a solid foundation. The people covet national harmony; harmony between the North and the South; harmony between the different races in the South; such a settlement, in short, as will prevent either the Southern blacks or the Southern whites from constantly recalcitrating against it and appealing to one or the other political party in the North to disturb and upset it. It should be obvious to all thinking men that we must have more harmony in the North to accomplish this desirable result. The breach which the Republican party has opened between the two races in the South can never be closed, so long as one of them can confidently appeal to half, or nearly half, the Northern people to support them in an effort to have things one way, and the other race can as confidently appeal to half or nearly half the Northern people in an effort to have things in a different way. Whatever a *united* North (bating a powerless body of Radical factionists) may agree upon as a final settlement, will be acquiesced in by both races at the South, from the sheer impossibility of changing it.

Now the assistance, direct and indirect, which Republicans have given us in this election, is quite a step towards that unity of feeling which alone can bring harmony to the South and durable tranquility to the country. At least half the Republican party are little behind those who have assisted us by staying away from the polls. We are opposed to any barter, or negotiation, and to every sort of political dicker, both as degrading in itself, and as recognizing the nauseous and absurd claim of political leaders to traffic upon the people. The thing for the Democratic party to do is to form a correct estimate of the situation, and plant itself on a policy adapted to that situation and just in itself. If this be done, and done promptly while the Republican party is floundering in the confusion of defeat, we shall have the almost unanimous support of the sound and moderate part of the people. True leadership does not lie in the spirit of intrigue, but in ideas which hit the wants of the time, ideas so obviously just, which so perfectly match the situation, that they shine by their own light with little aid from argument. It is by such ideas that the country must be led and harmonized; and the party which puts them forth is the party of the future. A broad, robust, courageous common sense exerted on the actual circumstances, not the piddling refinements of political metaphysics nor stupid adherence to inapplicable precedents, is the source from which such fresh, living ideas are to come; and when the right tune is struck, the dancers will fall into their places. The patriotism, the honest feeling, the craving for tranquilizing justice, already exist in the hearts of the people, and furnish a soil in which the seed will quickly germinate.

By these elections the Republican policy of reconstruction is a demonstrated failure; but no policy can be a success which does not recognize what is true and honest in the aspirations of large masses of the people, because it is only by satisfying these that the North can be far enough harmonized to prevent one-half of its people being a perpetual incentive to mutiny by either the black or the white race in the South. Whatever *just* arrangement is substantially agreed upon by the North, both races in the South will accept and abide by. Nor is a durable settlement attainable on any other basis. We shall have more to say on this subject, the present suggestions being rather the key-note than the tune.

The *Times* says:

RESULT AND MEANING OF THE ELECTION.

The defeat of the Republicans in New York is more signal than in any other State. Special reasons contribute to this result. The License Law cost the party thousands of votes in the large cities. The nomination, indorsement and support of notoriously corrupt and venal officials in the interior drove thousands more from the support of the Republican ticket. The insolent tyranny of the selfish and unprincipled managers who obtained control of the party machinery and worked it for their own advantage, regardless of the general good, kept other thousands who are at least devoted to the Republican cause, away from the polls.

But the general result is due to the same causes which operated in Pennsylvania and Ohio. The masses of the Republican party are not content with the results of their party action or the tendencies of their policy. The XXXIXth Congress did not meet their expectations. The results of its measures have not come up to their promises. They have disturbed the country—not pacified it. They have planted added bitterness and alienation between the sections of the Union, instead of bringing them together on the grounds of common interest and of common glory. Too much relative importance, in national legislation, has been given to the negro. Not content with according him an equality of rights, special privileges, and political powers have been accorded him. The question of taxation, the currency question, the material interests of the South, the systems of internal revenue and the tariff, have all been neglected or made subservient to the question of the negro, while they are really the questions which most nearly affect the welfare of the nation and the happiness of the people.

And threats are made that this extreme and illjudged policy is to be pushed still farther. Confiscation is to be enforced upon the Southern people. A division of the landed estates among the negroes is claimed as just and wise. Congress is expected to override State Constitutions and State laws, and to enact negro suffrage for all the States.

Public sentiment throughout this State is prepared to demand equal rights before the law for all men, without distinction of race or color; but it is not prepared to indorse these measures of extreme and reckless fanaticism. The Republican party halts when confronted with such a policy. The temper displayed by those who press it contributes still further to this revulsion. To carry their plans into execution they threaten to override all the checks and guarantees of the Constitution—to reorganize the Supreme Court, to impeach and remove the President, to arrogate absolute and supreme power for Congress, and to plunge the country into chaos for years to come, rather than fail in the accomplishment of their schemes. These things increased the distrust and apprehension of a very large portion of the Republican party, and contributed to the result which we have just witnessed.

We regard the defeat, therefore, as simply a *lesson administered to the Republican party.* They are admonished to be wiser, more discreet, less arbitrary and extreme in their measures, less arrogant and overbearing in their tone. If the lesson is heeded, all these mistakes can be corrected—all these losses can be retrieved. Congress at its coming session has the whole question in the hollow of its hand. If it recognizes and defers to public sentiment as now expressed—not by any reversal of its general policy nor any abandonment of its leading principles—but by a modification of its temper and tone, it can put the party on impregnable ground. The Democrats are no nearer the possession of power, if the Republicans are wiser, than they were a year ago. Indeed, if the Republicans profit by experience and by the lessons of the late elections, they are not so near. If Congress will do its duty this Winter—if it will give to the country a good tariff, a wise, fruitful, and equitable system of taxation, a sound and safe currency, such aid as will stimulate and make productive Southern industry, and show, by practical action, as well as in words, that the Republican party is not controlled by malignant feeling toward the Southern States, but seeks their welfare as parts of the common Union—and if the Republican National Convention will give us a Presidential candidate who will command the confidence, regard, and devotion of loyal men throughout the whole nation, without regard to cliques or sections, we shall sweep the whole country at the next election, and place the Republican Administration on a permanent and impregnable basis.

The large majority by which they have carried the State will encourage the Democrats to hope and strive for national supremacy. We regard it as really only a rebuke administered to the Republicans for their excesses and mistakes. Only let them give indications of amendment, and those who have administered the rebuke, will make haste to restore them to power. It is only fools and egotists who fail to profit by experience.

The Philadelphia *Morning Post* says:

NAIL THE FLAG TO THE MAST.

The first interpretation of our defeat is the cowardly one. We must haul down our flag. Because we have lost this battle, we have lost the whole campaign. Let us stack our muskets, furl our banners, surrender everything, and give our parole never again to take up arms against the enemy. Our principles have ruined us, and everybody knows that a political party should never have principles that are at all unpopular. We must trim with the trimmers, cringe with the Conservatives, compromise with the Democrats, admit that we have been wrong. The country is not ready to endorse impartial suffrage, and therefore we must betray it. We must now admit that the great Republican party is so badly beaten, so weak and contemptible, that its solitary chance of salvation is to hang on with the clutch of death to the coattails of Gen. Grant.

Yes, we have lost a great battle, but we have not lost our honor. We are still that Republican party which conducted the war for the Union, and crushed the great rebellion. We are the party that gave freedom to the slave, and redeemed the fame of America. We have not yet disavowed our principles, and abandoned our purpose. We say then to the Conservatives, you may surrender, but we will stand fast. The rats may leave the ship, but our places are by the guns. We *nail* the Radical flag to the mast, and if that is to go down we will go down with it.

If the Republican party cannot stand upon Republican principles it had better fall. We are prepared to abide the decision of the people, but do not accept the elections of 1867 as a decree against impartial suffrage, as we did not accept the elections of 1862 as a decree against emancipation. The Republican party then reformed its lines; it made emancipation the issue, and in 1863 it swept the North. We must repeat that superb courage in 1867, and we shall repeat the victory in 1868. Henceforth we hold every man whose cowardly voice demands the sacrifice of one jot of principle, as no Republican. He is our enemy. We are done with the conservative Republicans; they are Democrats, and worse than Democrats—for the Copperheads honestly and bravely oppose our principles, but the Conservative betrays them.

Nor, is our opinion of the Republican party so mean that we believe Gen. Grant the only man who could lead it to success. We do not ask an endorsement. Nor do we forget that Gen. Grant has been careful not to give us the benefit of his invaluable name at the time when we most needed help. Six months hence Radicalism will be supreme, and irresistible. Defeat will give it strength, and the flight of the cowards will give it unity. Six months hence, if Congress will do its duty, Andrew Johnson will not be the President of the United States. Then, when we advance to victory, it will not be with the name of Grant upon our banners. If there is any overwhelming and all-controlling spell in his military fame, it has worked no good to us; and if in 1868 he comes to reinforce the Radical host, he will come up late, like Grouchy at Waterloo, when he is no longer needed.

THE ELECTION.

The *Tribune* says:

With three-fourths of the Republican journals published in our City either neutral in the contest or virtually telling their readers that it would be better for the Republican cause to have the Republican ticket beaten this Fall, we could hardly expect to hold our own in City or State, but the defection in both is far greater than could with reason have been anticipated. Here, where the influence of our City journals is most direct and pervasive, the practical adhesion to the wrong side of most of those read and trusted by Republicans has cost the Republican State Ticket at least Ten Thousand votes, and beaten our Legislative candidates even in districts where there are decided Republican majorities. To let the election go by default, it was held and argued by the trimmers and camp-followers, would crush out what they are pleased to stigmatize as Radicalism and render inevitable the nomination of Gen. Grant for President. Such considerations and calculations have kept Fifty Thousand voters from the polls and insured the overwhelming defeat of our State Ticket.

The Canal frauds and peculations of the last two or three years have contributed to weaken us in the interior. Democratic candidates who are notoriously expensive to the public as office-holders run just as well as any, as is shown in the vote yesterday for Tweed in our lower Wards; but Republicans will not stand that sort of candidates. Hence, our State officers whose terms expired this year were refused a renomination because two or three of the less important were implicated in the scandalous Canal lettings and kindred rascalities of last year, and our late State Convention passed strong and fit resolves against the nomination or support of jobbers or peculators for any office whatever. Yet several politicians of tainted reputation succeeded, nevertheless, in nominating themselves for Senate and Assembly, compelling bolts which damaged our State ticket, or acquiescence, which damaged it still more. Our temporary loss from this source may be reckoned by thousands of votes.

We are beaten by Republicans this year, and the work of Reconstruction thus practically delayed if not arrested. The Southern rebels are virtually told by the State of New York—"Hold on! vote against Conventions wherever you are strong enough to defeat them; refuse to vote wherever you can thus hope to discredit and damage the process more than by voting; and you may yet resume control of your respective States, and trample the white and black Unionists under your feet through the disfranchisement and virtual re-enslavement of the latter." We may look for more and more palpable and powerful resistance to Reconstruction under the policy of Congress—to any Reconstruction which implies that blacks have rights which whites are bound to respect—from this hour onward. But Bull Run did not destroy the Union, nor did the Democratic victories in 1862 defeat the policy of Emancipation. It may have been necessary to pile proof upon proof that neither the ex-Rebels of the South nor the Democrats of the North will concede to the loyal blacks any right which they can possibly withhold or take away. In view of the experiences of the last seven years, wherein our McClellans and Buells proved equally useful with our Grants and Sheridans to the overthrow and extirpation of the Slave Power, we bate no jot of heart or hope, but unfalteringly trust that the reverses of the present, alike with the triumphs of the past, will in the event prove conducive to the one great end of rendering this a country whose constitutions and laws shall esteem no man better or worse for his color, but impartially uphold and affirm the equal rights of all.

"THE DAWDLING CONGRESS."

LECTURE BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE fifth lecture of the Old Bay State Course was delivered last evening, Oct. 31, in the Music Hall, by Wendell Phillips. The house was crowded and the address was listened to with deep attention. Mr. Phillips spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I cannot come to this platform to-night, without calling to mind the great variety of topics that have been treated within the last six weeks from this desk. The speakers have covered almost the whole circle of political and social reform. You have been addressed, among others, on the topic of the claim of woman to the ballot; mostly, I believe, in opposition to the claim. Let me say that if women defended their right to the ballot as absurdly as men assail it, I think they would show almost to a demonstration that they were unfit to exercise the ballot. The only absolutely weak and worthless speech that I ever heard on that topic I heard from a man. You may call it a lecture, for men differ as to what a lecture is, and doubtless it is amusing; for I find no livelier entertainment anywhere than to see a third-rate man undertake to define and measure the capacity and the intellect of Madame De Stael, or Mary Somerville, or Harriet Martineau, or Florence Nightingale, or Lydia Maria Child. (Applause.)

Opposite my house is a large Newfoundland dog, perhaps a hundred pounds in weight; and now and then you will see a puppy, six inches long, attempt to impress the mammoth by his tiny bark. It always reminds me of a man who tries to show, by what he calls argument, that Madame De Stael had not brains enough to vote by his side. If any man comes here, to judge from the exercises of this platform, the relative strength of man's intellect and woman's, as a man, in behalf of the sex, I beg him not to take those efforts as a specimen of the masculine intellect. I never heard a discourse on this topic, from a woman, which did not look at it from a high and Christian stand-point. I never heard a discourse opposing it, from a man, that did not reek with inspiration from his animal nature. I never heard a discourse on this topic from a woman, that did not do credit to her sex and to ours; and I never heard an argument against it that did not degrade both. I never heard an essay on this topic, from a woman, which did not show at least her power to suggest, if not to teach an audience. Literally and soberly, and in measured phrase, I feel the right to say that I never heard an argument against it from a man that did not show him unfit to teach anybody anything. (Applause.) And you have been addressed also on another, and at the present moment, most important topic—that is temperance, the corner-stone of republican institutions, the indispensable element and background of any fitness for universal suffrage. You have heard that topic presented by men capable of presenting it to you; and I hope that the next week will place the recorded verdict of the Commonwealth, showing that intelligent men have digested the argument which has been offered them. (Applause.)

Let me say a word on this topic, considering the hour when I speak and the trial which is to come over the Commonwealth next week—let me say one word in regard to what I deem the duty of all honest men, who have a matured opinion on this subject. I never held to, I do not hold to-day, I hope I never shall be the victim of the routine of party; I think one of the curses of this country is the doctrine of unreasoning adherence to party lines. I think one of the most valuable lessons taught by the Anti-Slavery struggle of the last thirty years is this, that it is wholesome, when conscience and conviction bid, to bolt from party. I believe this country has no hope in its future political life better than digging men out of the routine of party, giving them back their conscience and their brains, and setting them on their own feet. (Applause.) Instead of being a disorganizing or dangerous rule, it is the only rule in a government like ours, where the masses are to decide on great moral issues; it is the only rule that intelligent, conscientious men should let party leaders know that if the nominations, or the policy does not satisfy their convictions, they shall deem it their duty to bolt from the lines of the party. Otherwise you give up a million of men into the keeping of a hundred tricksters met in some secret caucus, to lay all the plans of a political campaign. The Anti-Slavery enterprise and the great Republican party grew originally out of the determination of conscientious men to let the Whig leaders know that they meant to bolt unless their convictions on the subject of slavery were satisfied by the policy of the Whig party. Republicanism is one gigantic bolt from the Whig domination of thirty years ago. And now, when almost as important a moral issue enters the arena, the same men, the groundwork of whose claim to the gratitude of the Republic is, that twenty years ago they bolted at the command of their conscience, turn round on their successors and tell them they will be recreant to the highest command of duty if they repeat the experiment.

On the contrary, I say, obey the example of Henry Wilson, and trample his words under your feet. If the temperance element of the Commonwealth had told the Republican party two months ago, "At your peril banish this plank from your platform; if you do, we will go out of this hall and put our own representatives before the public," Andrew Johnson, if the Republican vote of Massachusetts had decreased, would have had no pretence or possibility of misunderstanding why; for the existence of a third organization, based on a local and temperance issue would have been an answer complete and unanswerable to every charge of a Copperhead gain in the Commonwealth. The Republican party, by the very policy it has pursued on this question, has laid itself open to misunderstanding and misquotation in every part of the Union.

I feel that the temperance question is too important to be made to occupy a secondary place. It has had thirty years of ripened and matured discussion; the efforts of the best men of the State are funded in the law which immortalizes our statute-book, and Massachusetts will do herself the greatest discredit—not if she erases that law—I do not fear it—but if in her struggle on national issues she persuades any great number of her citizens to forget this fundamental necessity of Republican citizenship.

But, after all, ripe as the temperance question is, a whole generation exhausted in its investigation and discussion, the question of the negro race is still older and more ripe. A hundred years ago almost, ninety at any rate, Europe was first disturbed in its quiet by the presentation of the claims of the African race to a place in the civil life of that century.

After this amount of political and religious discussion, after this gigantic war which almost wrecked the strongest government in the world, it is idle to say that the people of this nation are not ready, in the fullest sense of that term, ready, ripe, more than ripe for the complete settlement of the question and the banishment of it in all future time from the political arena.

My claim is that, if the Republican party had done its duty, and if its leaders had been statesmen and conscientious men, at once knowing their power and willing to exert it, this nation before this, two and three years ago, would have reached the goal, the absolute, decisive goal of the settlement of this question, and henceforth the question of color or race in American politics would have been an absurd idea.

My charge is that, in the whole treatment of this question from 1861 down to the present time, the leaders of a party, the strongest that ever held the helm of the Union, have shown neither the conscience of Christians nor the maturity of statesmen. I do not think that, because a man sits in a ceiled hall called a Senate Chamber and talks politics, cut and dried logic, and deals with political questions, he is necessarily a statesman. I think you find the best statesmen sometimes outside of what is called politics. I think statesmanship consists in knowing what the nation needs in order to rouse it to the presence of a great evil, and what it needs further in showing it how to abolish that evil. That is statesmanship. Nothing short of it deserves the name. When John Brown died at Harper's Ferry, he was a statesman as well as a martyr; for he showed the American people, in tones that they never forgot, the length and breadth of the evil that cursed them, and he roused the country in such a way as no other man has done since, in showing them the way to deal with that evil. Louis Bonaparte in his cabinet in the Tuileries, Bismark at Berlin and Rattazzi at Florence, may be able statesmen; but the man who takes Italy in his right hand as a thunderbolt and shakes it at Rome, is the man who knows best—(applause)—is the brain that discerns clearest what is the lacking element to make up Italian unity, and what is the path by which to supply it; and future ages that look back on the wise men of our day, pointing the finger at Garibaldi as a fanatic lacking judgment, will reverse the opinion and say of the man who knew the method and the evil, "He knew his times and knew how to mould them."

It is in the light of just this distinction that I criticise the course of the Republican party in dealing with this question. It is no recent criticism; it is no modern mistake; it is no late perversion of their power. It dates back to the very commencement of the outbreak of the war. When Abraham Lincoln, on the fourth of March, 1861, pronounced his inaugural address from the capitol, wholly undiscerning the hour in which he spoke, he pledged himself that the guarantees, the slave guarantees, as he called them, in the Constitution, should be sacred and irrevocable. On the 22d day of July, that very same year, the Congress of the United States passed a resolution almost unanimously, at the suggestion of Mr. Crittenden, that in this war, prosecuted against rebels, the government had no intention of interfering with the institutions of the States. Trace the same spirit downward and you find Mr. Lincoln, the representative of the policy of the party, persistently and incessantly avowing that if he could save the Union without touching slavery he would do it. I am not here, said he, for any purpose but to save the Union; a statement from which no man in twenty millions differed.

But his second element was, "If I cannot save the Union without touching slavery I will do it." Congress echoed the same spirit. On the same 22d day of July, 1861, when Congress recorded that pledge, George B. McClellan, the impersonation of it, took command of the Army of the Potomac. And all through the war, down to its very close, and to this moment, the mind of the nation diverged in two channels. One was represented by the purpose of Mr. Lincoln, the outgrowth of Henry Clay, of Whig constitutional law, of the prejudices of eighty years, that slavery was as sacred an element in the elements of civil life as landed property, as sacredly guaranteed as the marriage institution, one of the great impeccable principles of American life.

Consequently, when Mr. Lincoln looked at the problem before him, of saving the nation, his mind passed instantly to the inference, I must save it if possible without disturbing any of the great fundamental elements of society; I must not abolish landed property, I must not break up the marriage institution, I must not abolish the *habeas corpus*, I must not change the Saxon character of our institutions, neither must I meddle with slavery—thus putting an immoral institution, repudiated by the nineteenth century, on the same level with the ordinary institutions of society, giving it in the spirit of the age, in the spirit of the Constitution as well as in its letter, the same validity with the normal and moral elements of the State. That was Mr. Lincoln. The divergent opinion was represented by Fremont, by Phelps, by Hunter, by Butler. They represented this idea that when in the convulsions of revolutionary times the nation is imperilled, the power at its head has a right to sieze upon any lawful weapon to crush resistance, and if among those lawful weapons there be one which in its sinful character, in its immoral relations, disgraces the Christianity of the age, repulses the whole end of our government, is disavowed by every line of the Constitution, then it is not only the right of the government, but it is its solemn duty to sieze that first. (Applause.) This element of the American mind said: Mr. Lincoln is not only wrong in avowing that he would save the Union and save slavery also if he could; but if he were a statesman, under the Constitution of the United States, standing on the Declaration of Independence, recognizing that sublimest line that "all men are created equal," born of a Saxon civilization, representing the great idea of equality, he should have known that the moment the rebellion burst out into flames, he should have snatched the opportunity to sieze slavery as his thunderbolt and hurl it at the rebels. He should not have said, "I will pour out the treasure of the North, I will exhaust the blood of a million young men, I will try the wealth and the strength of the twenty millions of loyal men, and then in my despair, driven to the wall, *a l'outrance* I will sieze upon this weapon at last, vindicated by the emergency." But he should have said when he heard the first gun at Samter, "Thank God, the spell is broken. Now, in the name of Washington and Jefferson, seize that great rebel by the throat and throttle him." (Applause.)

I hope I make you aware of the mental distinction, the intellectual difference of these two purposes. You were offended with me, offended with others often for our criticism of this position of Mr. Lincoln. It was done with all respect to the man, with all possible belief in the sincerity and honesty of his convictions; but the misfortune of the American people was that they were held at the moment by a man cabined and cribbed in his intellectual development by the timed constitutional principles of the whig party. And he never—with all respect to the great martyr I say it—he never lived to outgrow that delusion that he was not justified, as the President of the United States, in not touching the system of slavery till there was no other possible weapon that he could use.

Now, on the contrary, as I think, as the advanced mind of the revolution has again and again demanded, the nation, before it wasted one drop of blood or lavished one single dollar, was bound, in deference to its own history and the normal character of its own institutions, to have snatched the opportunity to annihilate slavery, by using it as a weapon in this war.

You see I look upon the United States Constitution as giving a certain recognition to slavery; but it was not a recognition like that of land, like that of marriage, like that of any other great Saxon element of life; it was merely a toleration for a time in certain specified instances, by compulsion, as in a state of war we allow practices which peace repudiates. Consequently the moment those States rebelled and placed themselves outside the bar, the moment they came under the national and international law of the nineteenth century, and we were given the right to touch it, we should have done it, both to prove our Christianity and our civilization. This may seem a trite distinction, but it is the cause of the different position in which we stand to-day. The Republican party has never undertaken to teach this people one single measure on the ground of its justice; they never advocated one step in the war on the ground of liberty. They never said, "This the nation owes to its first principles, this the nation owes to the negro, this the nation owes to justice, to the irresistible logic of its history." But they have said "We must arm the black and use him, because we have not the means to carry on the war unless we do; we must free the black as a military necessity." And the sixth line, as you well know, of that immortal document of Mr. Lincoln, was interpolated at the suggestion of Mr. Chase. This policy has borne its proper fruit. To-day the American people do not look at their duty in the light of justice but of party necessity. The land rings with what? With the appeal to do justice; to the Constitution of the United States; to the Declaration of Independence; to save every sixth man and woman in the State? Oh, no, but nominate this man, give up that; take this measure, repudiate the other to save the party. This man is available, that is not; we don't know what he thinks, we only guess at it. Either party may have him for the taking. But he is available. All through the channels of civil life the Republican leaders send out the cry, save us. But that rallies nobody. Is a man going to leave his business, give up his time, sacrifice his prospects, jeopard his family, to save Mr. Fessenden in the Senate chamber? When men went down into the street in the fervor of 1861, they said, save the State. They locked their doors, put the keys in their pockets and they have rested there for seven years. They left their business and homes. The first half million who went to the war, whom McClellen buried in the swamps of Virginia, were the best blood of the country; they went out from principle. They were the costliest first fruits of the thirty years discussion, men whose hearts carried them to Virginia, not bounties, not military pride, not exasperation, not State rancor, but an interest in the great question that at last opened a path-

way so that they might strike the great foe of the Republic.

So we stand to-day. The Thirty-ninth Congress met and the Fortieth Congress met. Did they deal with this problem? Did they walk up to it like business men? There is no mystery in politics.

Fellow-citizens, all this verbiage of the caucus and the State House is only a great mantle to wrap up common sense in. If this government had been as wise as the merchant in his counting room we should have saved to the treasury $2,000,000,000, and two hundred thousand men who are sleeping in honorable graves would now be living. A merchant in our city had a vessel at Norfolk, Va., when the war broke out, and the first thing he did was to telegraph, "Bring my ship north of Mason and Dixon's line." And they brought her. He saved his vessel. But the Secretary of the Navy heard the first gun, and he thought of his office, of red tape, of somebody doing this and the other body doing that, and he left $3,000,000 worth of ships there and the confederacy took them. Now I call that merchant a statesman, and I call that Secretary of the Navy a fool. (Laughter and applause.)

I said, on this platform, four years ago, that a hundred men in New England, if the government would vest its power in them, would undertake and contract to put down the rebellion in three years. I believe they could have done it. And you know, every sensible man in this audience knows, that if a hundred Yankee merchants, accustomed to span the continent with railroads and dot it with cities and marry the Atlantic and Pacific with telegraphs—if a hundred such men had undertaken to quell the rebellion and give ten States back to Washington, the first thing they would have done would have been to make the negro a freeman and a voter, to have given him land and to have disfranchised every rebel for at least seven years; and when they had done it they would have reconstructed those States as long ago as 1864, and given them back to the Union, and easily guaranteed the peace for the next ten years. (Applause.) Now I appeal to any man in this audience, any thinking, business man, whether if you had put our great commercial railroad kings at the head of such an experiment, as a private corporation on business principles, the largest result, with the cheapest expenditure, in the shortest time—whether any one of you doubts that the first programme of these men would have been freedom, the ballot, pedestal for the blacks, disfranchisement for the angry rebels, and the States in some shape to reenter the Union.

Congress had the power to do the same thing. There is no possible answer to the question why they did not do it except this. Congress could not use at the moment, unfettered, to the fullest extent the powers of the government; public opinion would not justify it. I deny it. I allege, and herein I indict the great leaders of the Republican party, that in 1861, 1862 and 1863 this nation, enraged by the rebellion, inspired by twenty-five years of discussion, morally sensitive to slavery, would have answered amen to any measure that Congress and Abraham Lincoln had proposed. Look at it. At Washington stood George B. McClellan pledged to put down any slave insurrection with an iron hand. At that moment, in the far West, on the other side of the river, with only ten thousand available troops, surrounded by fifty thousand under the command of Gen. Price, John C. Fremont said, I free every slave in Missouri; and every press from Canada to Mexico said amen. (Applause.) Men put their ears to the ground and listened to hear the great amen from Washington. They only wanted Lincoln to say ditto, and we should have been one man. He said veto; and the nation went back. Subsequent events showed it, judged by the press. I do not mean to say that the nation, twenty-five or six million voters, knew what they wanted, understood the matter, and could put their finger on the actual measure needed. Not at all. What I mean to say is that the American people were fully alive to the crisis, were fully aware what it was that assailed the nation, and they had made up their minds that this time it should be "cleaned out." They stood ready to say amen to anything that trusted leaders told them was necessary. They would not propose emancipation, they would not propose arming the blacks, they would not propose freeholds for the negro; but the moment any man anywhere said, "That is the way, walk ye in it," they were ready to crowd in. Mr. Lincoln said, "I used to think men were not ready for a measure; but when I launched it I found they were ahead of me."

Now what was statesmanship? It was to strike while the iron was hot. No Democrat then dared to call himself such, dared not open his lips, the party extinct—no name but loyalist. You went down into the streets, and you knew no distinction of party—everybody crowded to the front. Statesmanship was to have said, sitting in council, "What we need is to wipe out race; what we need is to annihilate color; what we need is to banish this element from politics. What we need is not only to abolish the slave but to abolish the master." (Applause.)

The Republican party have abolished the slave; the difficulty is they have not abolished the master. It is a great difficulty. It is the thing that frigthens Congress to-day. It is the element that stands behind Johnson for his ally. It is the thing that makes the Republican majority tremble to-day; and what its leaders advise is, "Conciliate; don't do what you ought; it will provoke somebody; don't go forward in a straight line and hew the chips, they will fly in your face; you will awaken sympathy for somebody else. Try to punish a traitor, and he will be the most popular man in the nation."

The old Whig delusion exactly. The Whig party marched to its grave in the fond conceit that by patiently submitting to be kicked on all sides, they would awaken the sympathy of the public; but it awoke finally to the conviction that although the master dreaded the North he despised a Whig. They forgot this great element distinguishing individual from public life. Non-resistance may be a Christian virtue; submitting to innumerable insults may awaken an immense amount of sympathy for a man; but mark one thing, Mr. Chairman; it awakens an immense amount of contempt for a party. The difference is real, and cannot be bridged over. Look at it.

The Southerner always despised a Whig because he knew that he feared him; a Southerner always respected an Abolitionist because he knew he defied him. That same element exists to-day. What we want is courage. What we want is the conviction that pluck leads the people. Gallantry masses up into one available force the pulses of a million of men. Here is Andrew Johnson. It was said of the Bourbons that they never learned anything, and they never forgot anything. Johnson is not like that; he has learned nothing, but he has forgotten a great many things. (Laughter.)

He stands in Washington, not with one delicate, respectful, individual doubt of the constitutional power of Congress in a single instance, but with an incessant, unintermitted, continued defiance of the powers of Congress. He has not said of one single enactment, "Gentlemen, I doubt that, I question its constitutionality; I really cannot, with my convictions, carry out that law; I must disobey it, and then the Supreme Court will decide between us whether my scruples are well founded or you are in the right"—a respectful and loyal and well-intentioned and perfectly intelligible course of proceeding. But for two long years, with insolent defiance, without reason, in the most offensive form, not appealing to judiciaries, but trampling down barriers, this one man has undertaken to tell the representatives of the loyal North "you shall not reap the fruits of this colossal victory of the North. I deny and I defy at the same time the power of Congress." Well, what possible resource is left for a legislative power, under these circumstances—a legislative power in a Saxon kingdom, where all history shows that in revolutionary periods it is the Legislature that represents the government. In all disturbed and convulsive epochs, when the lines are erased, when the great towers of government seem to shake and quiver, not knowing each one its foundation, at such moments, the whole parliamentary history of England instructs us, that with kings on the one side and aristocracy on the other, the House of Commons became substantially the king for the time; the hopes of the people, the powers of the government, the omnipotence of the war powers, centre in the great Saxon representative of the masses.

Congress stands in the same position. We are in an era when we are not obliged to ignore the court, nor to defy the President, but if we were obliged to put our hands on the lips of the Chief Justice and to tie up the President in the White House, the great parliamentary history of the race would justify us in doing both. (Applause.) But we are not obliged to resort to that extremity. The Constitution gives to Congress in its coequal capacity, full power. The XXXIXth and XLth Congress saw this obstacle. They saw that the attitude of Mr. Johnson created a Democratic party which had ceased to exist. They saw that it encouraged the rebel element, which had grown perfectly silent under the domination of Congress. Read the correspondence of the *Advertiser* last Tuesday, giving you the experience of their own representative in those States. The moment Congress adjourned last Summer, he says, the rebel element of ten States sprang to its feet, certain that its time had come. That fact is but one representative fact of the whole two years. They saw this man holding up the Democratic party with one hand and beckoning the rebel element into the lines with the other. They knew they had a right to throttle him; they knew that the press of the country demanded it; they knew that public opinion, if not actually exacting it, was ready to follow them to the very end in executing the right. But the XXXIXth Congress adjourned; they allowed him to defy their power and encourage rebellion. The XLth came into being. They had new evidence of the same disposition. They adjourned. I tell you, fellow-citizens, when that XLth Congress adjourned, every shrewd man in Ohio, every shrewd man in South Carolina knew where resided the courageous element of the government. They knew which side knew what it wanted, and wanted it with a will. They knew which side was willing to risk everything to gain its purpose. I am never tired of bringing before an American audience that old illustration of the slave power, which always said to the North, "Do what I want, or I will break the Union." "It is unconstitutional," said the North. "No matter." "It is ruinous to our commerce." "It don't matter." "It will break up our political organization." "Not the least consequence. Do it or I break the Union." And as long as the South was willing to run all risks she had her way. What I say of Johnson to-day is, that he is willing to run all risks. So is rebeldom behind him; so is the Democratic party in Pennsylvania. Why is Fessenden on his knees before that element? Because he is not willing to risk anything; and the man who is willing to risk nothing is a slave to the man who is willing to risk everything. (Applause.) If, last Spring, the Republican leaders at Washington had said to the country, "Negro suffrage is a necessity at the South; we cannot enforce it there on fair principles without decreeing it in Ohio; we are obliged to impose it on Connecticut in order that it may be decent to send it to South Carolina; and therefore, by the method of Mr. Sumner, by a bill, or by the method of some other gentleman, or by an amendment to the Constitution, we design to submit to the country the great question, that, in this exigency, it is indispensably necessary for the nation, that the black race have an undisputed political equality"—(Applause)—in my view, at that moment, if it had been done in an act covering the nation, the nation would have submitted. Such an amendment would have been ratified. But, instead of that, the Congressional leaders remitted the question peicemeal. They sent it to Connecticut in rags; to Ohio in another fragment; to Pennsylvania in a third; they mixed it up with rum in one State, with disfranchisement in a second, with repudiation in a third, and it fell to the ground. It could not walk on its own merits; it had no appeal to the universal necessities of the nation. What Congress should have done was to have dealt with the question themselves at once, as a national measure, and we should have heard no more of it. (Applause.) It would not have been possible to rally the Democratic party on that question. The people of the North, in Ohio and Indiana, may not be willing, as a State question, to submit to the suffrage of their own negroes; but the Republican party of Indiana, Connecticut, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and California, would have submitted to negro suffrage as a great union necessity. I say that the Republican party lost that golden opportunity which may never return, that whitened harvest which may never again bend beneath their sickle; for we have got beyond the war to-day; we have descended from the fervor and enthusiasm, the stern and fierce principles that carried men to the battle-field, and come down to the chop-logic of caucuses, to the huckstering of ward meetings, to the selfish ambition of one Senator, and to the private interest to cover eleven or fifteen of his cousins of another; and every man knows that what was not true in the war is true to-day; what was not true when cannon faced cannon North and South of Mason and Dixon's line is very true when trimmer faces trimmer at Washington; that what we get before the South enters, is all this generation will ever get.

Fellow-citizens, we might have put Louisiana into that Senate in 1862, and we could have whipped her into submission to the necessities of the nation; but put Carolina and Louisiana in that Senate to-day, and they will not only be disposed to resist, but they will be all-powerful in resisting every further step in the direction of liberal progress, and they will trim, and file, and pare down, and undermine, and confuse, and balk every past measure of the government. The South comes back, ten States, to cheat, tempt, bribe, undermine and balk the loyalty of the North. You may take the prohibition example in this State. The temperance people put that statute on the statute-book; they rallied to the legislature. What has been the history since? The defeated minority of the State have for ten years done nothing but undermine, pull down, pare, trim, balk, cripple, checkmate, destroy that legislation. The same thing is true of the tariff. No tariff law was ever put upon the statute-book of the nation that a recalcitrant minority did not spend the next ten years in attempting to checkmate it, and with success. Now, whatever we get before the South enters, we shall get. I am not sure we shall keep it, but we shall get no more. Before, therefore, those ten States enter this Union, one thing is necessary—that we should reap the harvest of the war; which is, that there shall be no eyes in the law at Washington that can see a negro. The great Lord Chancellor of Ireland in O'Connell's time said, "Gentlemen, the law of the British Empire does not presume a Papist to exist." By which he meant substantially what Taney said later, "England announces that a Papist has no rights which a Protestant is bound to respect." What this war means—its ample fruit—is this: "The law of the Union must not be able to distinguish a white man from a negro hereafter. Civil rights, social rights, so far as affected by laws, political rights, all rights that flow out of the statute-book must be irrespective of color. Every man born on the soil must be a citizen, and every citizen must be an equal." That is the end of the war. If you can make that Senate and House at Washington put down its foot, that the Republican party, as a party, shall make that the root, the tap-root, of American institutions, it can be done before 1869. But let these ten States enter before it is done, and you and I, the youngest of us, the healthiest, the most careful of his sanitary condition, will never live to see it done. Get it done before the South enters, and then every one of you must sit up six hours every night and watch that it is not undermined. Because, ladies and gentlemen, there is no millennium. We are not living in Paradise. Half-a-dozen battles have not made these sinners of pro-slavery communities over into saints. A little gunpowder smoke enveloping Virginia has not changed the pro-slavery Democrat or the pro-slavery Whig of Boston into an Abolitionist. It has only choked him—that is all. You must not expect too much. Don't think that this mass is leavened with principle. Not a bit of it. It is not possible. Only think what has been the teaching of this generation for thirty years! Only notice the pit out of which these loyal millions have been dug! Slavery had poisoned them politically, commercially, religiously. Slavery penetrated everywhere. It ascended the pulpit; it distributed the sacramental emblems; it sat in the professor's chair at Harvard; it edited the *North American Review;* it made all the speeches at the Boston Exchange; Harrison Gray Otis stood in Faneuil Hall and pointed that most eloquent of New England fingers at the fanatic, and said he dreamed in his insanity that the Sermon on the Mount weighed more than the Constitution of the United States. Daniel Webster sneered at the "higher law," amid a million plaudits. Horace Mann informed us, deliberately, that he should not have committed what he deemed an infamous sin if it had not been ordered by the Constitution. In that farago of prejudice and self-conceit which George Bancroft misnames a "History of the United States," he remodelled a whole chapter to suit this pro-slavery idol. A Philadelphia engraver omitted the negro from Ary Scheffer's "*Christus Consolator.*" An Episcopal bishop struck out from an English bishop's history of their church a chapter that touched on anti-slavery. We had a negro-pen in every church. We sent a sham gospel to India with money got by selling black men at auction. We expurgated hymns, not to hurt the sensibilities of sinners. The American Tract Society struck out the Christianity from every essay they stole from an English author. (Laughter and applause.) And at last the Church proclaimed that the Bible was the corner-stone of slavery, and he was an infidel who doubted it. This was the teaching of fifty years. This was the pulpit, this was the college under which this generation grew up. Do you think the smoke of half a dozen battles will clear the film off of such eyes? Do you think these men are made over by getting hoarse shouting for Ulysses Grant or looking into the eyes of Sheridan? That was the North. Then look over Mason and Dixon's line, and what was the South? The South was the coast of Guinea. It had neither literature nor religion. Its commerce was exotic, like the trading stations on the Guinea coast. It had all the cruelty, the senseless pride, the lavish waste, the abominable vices that are common to savages. Just imagine a war between two such sections! and the one launches on the other the thunderbolt of Emancipation, not from principle, not from an awakened conscience, but as a military necessity, and the other receives it with sullen contempt and defiance. Do you not suppose that the measure will be resisted by every method that rage, hate, lust and disappointed ambition can invent? And do you suppose that it will be supported in any way but falteringly and ignorantly by such a North? What we need is, with the ordinary hearts, with the ruling minds of such a North, a dozen statesmen who know this question, and have no ends to gain, no party to jeopard, no future to secure, no friends to get into office, nothing but the negro to protect, and a God to obey! (Applause.) But we have not got such leaders. The representative man at Washington to-day is the great American riddle! Out of twenty millions of people who have watched him for six years, there is not one who knows his opinions. His great merit is, that he has been able to stand in the most prominent position before twenty millions of people, in the most critical years, and nobody knows what he thinks. (Laughter.) Not one. Now there is an anecdote, now there is an editor, now a man declares that he says this; now a friend of his denies it. Now they are sure he is a Democrat—no, he is not a Democrat at all! But, in the meantime, every single step he takes—for he is obliged to step, although he is so silent: you cannot get a word out of him, but he is obliged to act—and every act he does, every step he takes, a dozen men start up to explain it. "He don't mean this; he don't mean the other; we don't know what he means." And the American people, on the verge of Niagara, having buried half a million of martyrs, having mortgaged the industry of a generation to the extent of three thousand millions of dollars, having taken the comfort from every table, with that door open to success, and God about to close it—they stand on that precipice and under that pressure, and are about to launch themselves forward under the guidance of a man who says, "Shut your eyes, and give the fate of the people to me!" Oh, fellow-citizens, we did it once; we flung back an honest Yankee into his house, and went down and took an untried and unpledged Tennesseean and put him at the helm of government—and here we are! God grant we may make no second such mistake! (Prolonged applause.) I would not rob the brow of Ulysses Grant of one single leaf of its laurels. I would grant him what his most admiring eulogists claim—that he stands by the side of the Alexanders and Wellingtons. Put him where you please. All I ask of his admirers is, what is his idea of this moment, and what is his policy for the future? What is his view of the present duty and the future necessity? He says to the American people—*nothing;* and his friends praise him that he says nothing! In the meantime, one-half of the nation says that the Democrats will rejoice in his nomination, and the other half says he is the only hope of the Republican party. Well, then, God save the Commonwealth.

Am I asking too much when I ask for the leader in this second struggle, a man of an unmistakable purpose? It was enough, oh, it was more than enough, that with all the honesty and frankness of Abraham Lincoln, we had that terrible clog upon his usefulness, that he could not outgrow Kentucky; and shall we put a man into that place, in this most terrible of all hours, of whom we do not know whether he even *wants* to outgrow Kentucky? Why, gentlemen, where do we stand to-day? We stand just where Abraham Lincoln would have put us, if he had lived without growing from the time he returned back from Richmond. When Abraham Lincoln steamed his way back from Richmond to Washington, and made that last address ever heard by the public from his lips, he painted the exact position in which we stand to-day as his policy. Why was it a misfortune to the public that he died? Because Abraham Lincoln's face was Zionward. Because no matter what his purpose to-day, he was ready to keep his heart open for a better purpose to-morrow. (Loud applause.) There has succeeded him a man who has his face hellward (applause and laughter); and now we are to choose a man of whom the public rejoices and is proud to know *that they do not know which way his face points!* (Laughter and applause.) All they know is this that when Unionism raised its despairing voice for the protection of the United States flag at New Orleans, he could not go; but when rebeldom cried out to him from Baltimore for protection from the overwhelming strength of the Republican element he did go. All we know of him is, that when the rebel of the White House put his hand on Edwin Stanton and ejected him from the Cabinet, if it had not been known to the country that the most popular man in it was ready to take his place, Andrew Johnson would have lifted his hand from the shoulder of Edwin Stanton, and the Secretary of War would have kept his place. I say, if Ulysses Grant, when the President proposed to him to occupy the post of Secretary of War, had said what some of his friends claimed to be in his heart—"Sir, I detect your motive and despise it; I will not be the tool to turn that man out of the Secretaryship," Andrew Johnson would never have had the courage to turn that man out of his place. (Applause.) The popularity of Ulysses Grant is the staff by which Andrew Johnson sustains himself to-day in defying Congress. Mr. Henry Wilson said last week at Natick, that in May, 1865, he warned his friends that there was treason at Washington. Well, if he did, if he came home to the club at Young's, and told them that there was treason in Washington, why did he not go back to the Senate Chamber and tell it to us? If he and his compeers had gone back to Washington, and said in public what they said in the club—"Sir, that man is a traitor," Andrew Johnson would not have been President to-day. The American people have not fallen to that miserable level that it would be possible for that muddled blunderer to hold the Presidency against the nation. It is not the faults of bad men that do any harm. It is not the drunkard reeling to his home in the twilight of the morning, that is a bad example to young men. He is no example at all; he is a warning. He is the awful warning off those premises. But it is the respectable man, it is the loved, it is the honored, it is the wealthy, it is the official whom we model and copy, when they go and share in his revel and make it respectable—it is these men who make intemperance dangerous. It is not the sot that misleads man; it is the Senator that sits down with him. (Applause.) So in this case, in politics. The traitor and rebel in the White House has no force. It is the Fessendens, the Shermans, the Wilsons and the Grants, the men we love and trust, who knew him in 1865, and said, "Hush! Don't tell it! It will stir a sympathy for him. Let us conciliate him, and stroke him the right way." And so they stood there and pushed back and chilled the Niagara of the people's indignation, when they might have throttled him. It is respectable men, knowing the infamous knave at their side, and standing by him, who make the strength of knavery. Andrew Johnson could not stand to-day in the White House with one tittle of influence and power over the country, if Edwin Stanton, Ulysses Grant, Henry Wilson, Fessenden, and Sherman had said what Sumner has said in the ears of millions—"That man is not a friend to be conciliated; he is an enemy to be crushed." (Loud applause.)

But I do not despair of the Republic. I do not believe there is strength enough at Washington, nor in the whole South to wreck these loyal States. The buffaloes of the prairie might as well rebel against the Rocky Mountains as South Carolina against New England. (Applause.) These loyal States have got the brains of the continent, and, in the long run, to the honor of human nature be it said, brains govern. (Applause.) We shall govern. I believe in the godlike supremacy of brains; I believe also in the divine right of hearts; I believe Northern civilization covers heart and brain, and the South lacks both. Therefore we shall succeed. But whether we shall succeed in seven years or in seventy, whether this generation will close up this otherwise immedicable wound, or leave it to the cradles, is for you to say. Say to your Senators, "Throttle that villain in the White House! (Loud applause.) Clean out that nest of unclean birds, the Cabinet! (Applause.) Dazzle the people blind to Pennsylvania and Ohio in the fierceness of an onset that shall leave no rebeldom at the South to resist it!"

I mean what I say. I would urge that we should at once impeach Andrew Johnson; and, more than that, that we should fall back on the patriotism of the people, and by one national measure, in Sumner's shape, or any other man's shape, stereotype and grout down into the Constitution the principle, that the negro has every right, everywhere, that any white man has on the continent. (Applause.) Do it now! Do it at once!

I make no holiday speech, fellow-citizens. It is the most serious moment that you and I probably, in our time, shall ever face. I should be ashamed to let my heart thrill over Greece or Rome, or send it to the gates of Rome with Garibaldi, if it was not ten times hotter over South Carolina and New Orleans. When those boys went out from our streets in the summer weeks of 1861 and '62—those saddest of all sad moments, when the regiments went away—sadder, ah, sadder far, than when, with torn banner and broken ranks, they came back again—I used to stand and look at them and register a solemn vow, that no effort, no word of mine should be ever wanting to make the nation that stayed at home reap to the uttermost farthing what the blood of these young martyrs earned. (Applause.) They are lying in their graves; the land is full of orphans and widows. It was a grand holocaust of the best blood of the generation. We owe it an immeasurable debt. We owe a debt to it, to justice, to the negro, to the nation, to the past, to the future; and that debt is, that now, when the harvest is white for the sickle, now, when the selfish politics of trading ambition wants the sacrifice, and would make that blood the pedestal to its success, we should say "No! No!" First be just to the dead. Register by the faith of their memories the entire success of the nation for which they died! Exact to the uttermost all that the South lost and the North gained in that fearful struggle! (Loud applause.)

The Rev. Dr. Cheever, of this city, in a recent private letter to a friend, from which we are permitted to make an extract, says: "Here in New York the Rum and Ruin Democracy carry all before them, and as in Mr. Cobden's time, Republicans lack pluck, lack principle, the principle of justice, and the resolve to stand by it. And so as a party they are boggling about in quicksands, not able to keep the superiority, even when it has been as it were forced upon them, through the rebellion and war. They are a pitiful, invertebral set, and I am afraid the sentence is out against them, "On thy belly shalt thou go all the days of thy life." How perfectly just and true is the picture which Phillips has drawn of them. They are now reaping the fruit of Abraham Lincoln's tuition of this people, not to do justly till the last necessity is upon them. All their resolutions are sicklied over with pale fear, and in their reluctance and trembling indecision in regard to impeachment they impeach themselves. While the Democrats say boldly, "Evil be thou my good," the Republicans say Good Lord, good Devil, and still I dare not, waits upon I would.

What opportunities of greatness, goodness and glory have been given to the Republican party in this country, as well as to the Christian Church! And had the Church been prepared, as was her privilege and duty, she might have entered into the house of our politics, out of which God has cast the Devil and the strong man armed of slavery and secession, and have possessed it in the name of God. Such opportunities for swapping victory for sacred principle never are given to any party, but for want of principle *within* they cannot hold by it without, cannot keep the battle-ground by it, cannot get a commander by it; and the Church, for aught we can see, is just as far from being the leader as ever, though not quite so shamefully a camp-follower."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1867.

Wendell Phillips's

Speeches and Lectures, a handsomely-bound volume, 562 pages, with steel portrait, will be sent, post-paid, to any person renewing a subscription for the National Anti-Slavery Standard and sending the name of one new subscriber ($6), or for two new subscribers $3 a year.

IMPEACHMENT.

The question of impeaching President Johnson has been suffered to fall somewhat out of sight. Men argue it as if its whole value were the evidence it would give of national self-respect, or the example it would set to future times; or, at most, as relieving us from the pernicious influence of a traitor in the White House.

Doubtless for all these reasons the act would be of great moment. But there is one result of the President's impeachment and conviction which has not been considered. When once Andrew Johnson stands recorded, by the verdict of the Senate, guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, in attempting to defy the laws and betray the Nation, the next step must be to treat all his recent illegal acts as void, annul his pardons and resume the property he has suffered rebels illegally to get possession of. When once his last year is stamped as treasonable and a usurpation, all his acts, grants and concessions made in furtherance of his treason are to be set aside. The plot having been once judicially proved, the robbery certified as of record, then the stolen property is restored to the owner. This principle is plain enough. If Johnson has been acting illegally, why of course his acts are illegal and hence void. The law supplies appropriate methods of setting them aside. In the circumstances Congress should follow the Senate's verdict by an act reciting the facts, and declaring what acts and classes of acts recently done by the President are void, and leaving the Courts to settle, on special suit, whether any others are also void.

There are several prominent rebels who must not be allowed to escape—no traitor's pardon must avail them. The Courts should try, convict, and punish them, in spite of their confederate's sham pardons.

Then, again, lands have been wrung most unjustly from the Freedmen; large estates have been surrendered to rebels by virtue of pretended pardons. Railways, with all their rolling stock, and munitions of war have been granted to companies of rebels. All these grants should be declared void. Congress should direct the agents of the Treasury to resume all such forfeited lands and hold them as of the title asserted by the Nation prior to Lincoln's death. Instead of colored men, as in North Carolina, being forced off these lands, and punished for resisting such force, they are to be reinstated, compensated, and the rebel claimants fined and imprisoned. Such rebels are to be treated as abettors and accomplices of Johnson in his treason.

With these lands in our possession, we do not need to press any further measures of confiscation. Carrying out the policy of the war, convicting traitors and confiscating their estates, holding such lands as were taken possession of during the war—these sources will suffice to give the negroes a homestead, or to sell them such at a cheap rate. They will not, as now, be forced on their knees, to tempt wealthy rebels to sell them *land*, the true basis of independence. We shall not see, as to-day in Virginia, men turned into the streets, houseless, in punishment for their honest votes. The negro will be able to defend himself and his ballot, standing on his own acres.

We demand, then, of Congress the impeachment of Johnson as a necessary preliminary step to our reaching the most dangerous of all rebels, those who fight us now from behind the shelter of a sham pardon. We claim it as a step necessary to guarding for the negro his rights in the land which traitors forfeited and he helped to conquer.

Inscribing "Impeachment, Revocation of Pardons, Pre-emption of Surrendered Lands" on our flag, we shall show the South what we mean. All she needs is to know, *of a certainty, beyond mistake,* what the North demands. That point once fixed, our trouble is ended so far as Southern resistance is concerned.

Wendell Phillips.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MEETINGS.

The series of Anti-Slavery Meetings in Philadelphia and its vicinity, which had been for some time past advertised in The Standard, was completed on the evening of Friday, the 8th instant. The readers of The Standard who did not share in the pleasure of personal attendance at these meetings, will be glad to learn that they were eminently successful. The first was held in Kennett, a name now quite venerable in Anti-Slavery history, the very utterance of which recalls to Pennsylvania Abolitionists scenes of our early conflicts, when the tried and true men and women of that portion of Chester county rallied at Freedom's call, and thronged our meetings in dark and stormy days, when the powers of the mob, the Church and the State were leagued against us. On Tuesday of last week they gathered their forces again, strong and hopeful, to meet their coadjutors in council concerning the duties and responsibilities of the near future, and to rejoice and give thanks for the victories of the past and the present. As the largest hall in Kennett was too small to contain the expected audience, a car-house belonging to Mr. Samuel Pennock was fitted up for the occasion. Generous hearts and active hands gave themselves to this work, and the result of their skill and taste and labor was highly appreciated by those who assembled in that comfortably-warmed, pleasantly-lighted and beautifully-adorned room, where the evergreen boughs from Nature's free temple no longer seemed at variance with the star-spangled banners which they entwined.

The morning and afternoon meetings were well attended. Chandler Darlington presided, and Isaac Mendenhall acted as Secretary. The assembly consisted of many of the veterans in our cause, and many whose childhood and youth have been nurtured by the influences of the American Anti-Slavery conflict. Others, too, were there, fresh, vigorous, new to this work, on some of whose hearts, we hope, the good seed that day sown, did not fall in vain. The evening was devoted to a speech from Wendell Phillips, and a vast congregation came from far and near to hear him and welcome him on his first visit to Kennett. The welcome and God-speed which was proffered him as he passed through the city of Wilmington, on his way thither, contrasts so strangely with the greeting which Delaware gave to Abolitionists a few years ago, and marks so great progress of our Cause, that we rejoice to record it:

To Wendell Phillips, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Your "extreme radicalism" in no wise prevents us from offering you a cordial welcome to Wilmington. On the contrary, Sir, regarding your *radicalism* as synonymous with *Truth, Liberty and Justice,* we cheerfully recognize you as an able and fearless champion of the oppressed, and gladly embrace this opportunity to acknowledge with gratitude your invaluable services to our country, especially at this very critical period of its history.

We still feel keenly the blighting influence of slavery in our own little State; nor, until *the Ballot* shall be placed in the hands of our loyal colored population, can we realize that ours is, or can be, in reality, *a land of Liberty.*

May you live, Sir, to rejoice in the final success of your mission, when the government of our country shall be reconstructed so as to insure the impartial administration of Justice to all the inhabitants thereof.

John Cameron,	F. Israel,
Thos. Y. De Normandie,	Allen Gawthrop,
William Preston,	C. Bent,
Wm. Q. Moore,	Samuel D. Forbes,
J. B. Thomas,	Wm. S. Crosadale,
Wm. W. Thomas,	Gavin Thomson,
H. M. Hanghey,	R. B. M'Donnell,
Samuel Marshall,	C. F. Thomas,
John C. Graham,	Howard M. Jenkins,
Wm. P. Perkins,	Daniel H. Kent,
W. M'Caulley,	Abraham Staats,
James Woolley,	S. A. Macalister.

The record of Chester county during the last thirty years has been so honorably different from that of Wilmington, that no *such* progress was possible; yet we all remember times when even in Kennett no Abolitionist would have been escorted to an Anti-Slavery meeting by a band of music. One pleasant and promising feature of the meeting at Kennett was the presence of the pupils of two schools of the neighborhood, a few of whom added their singing to the entertainment of the occasion. The hospitality of our coadjutors of Chester county is not only "known and read of all" Abolitionists, but has been shared by so many that it is scarcely necessary to say that it is still abounding.

From Kennett we adjourned to West Chester, where an informal conference of the friends of the cause was held in the afternoon of Wednesday. The demands of the present hour, the political aspect of the times, the failures of the Republican party to meet those demands, and the work now required of Abolitionists, were freely discussed, and plans suggested for efficient action. Dr. Frank Taylor and Mr. Pinkerton of West Chester took part in the discussion. In the evening a large audience gathered to listen to Wendell Phillips, who was introduced, in a few earnest and eloquent words, by Wayne McVeagh, Esq.

Thursday was left unoccupied by our Committee of Arrangements, in order that Mr. Phillips, of whom we asked so much speaking, might rest for twenty-four hours. But in his zeal (indefatigable if not prudent), he filled the vacancy with a lecture in Bridgton, New Jersey, on Thursday evening, and returned on Friday morning to Philadelphia to attend the Thirty-first Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. This meeting was held in the hall of the Franklin Institute, and was, as usual, well attended. The Secretary's record of its proceedings will show that it was not deficient in its usual zeal and energy. The second Pennsylvania Festival of the Friends of Freedom was held on the evening of the same day in the lower saloon of Horticultural Hall, the doors opening at five o'clock. Here the friends of our cause, old and young, from city and country and adjacent States, gathered for social intercourse, which they seemed to enjoy in a high degree. For the success of this enterprise the Committee of Arrangements are indebted, in part, to the contributions and personal assistance of some of the caterers of Philadelphia and to generous donations from many other persons in city and country; prompted, doubtless, by that interest in the cause of freedom which asks no other reward than the success of their efforts.

At eight o'clock the assembly adjourned to the upper hall, where Wendell Phillips delivered to a large audience a lecture on the present condition and needs of the country; at the close of which, the Festival saloon was again thronged with guests until a late hour.

The pecuniary harvest of the week will be announced by the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. It is sufficient to say, here, that it has been gratifying to the Committee. There is another harvest to be reaped from this sowing, which cannot be so easily estimated. The awakening of half-slumbering energy, the renewed impetus given to zeal and energy that was not slumbering, the purpose of consecration to a great work, newly born in young souls; who shall establish all this? Who shall trace the progress of a great idea imparted in a thoughtful mind, or measure the influence of a burning emotion kindled in a true heart?

Mr. Phillips's speeches, during the week, have been printed and reprinted, and may appear in the columns of The Standard. There is no need to speak of them, further than to say that the Committee, with their fellow-laborers in Pennsylvania, are very grateful to him for his most efficient help, and that they are already witnessing its good results.

The newspaper press of Philadelphia displayed very creditable zeal and enterprise in obtaining reports of the meetings in Kennett, West Chester, and Philadelphia. The *Press,* the *Morning Post,* and the *Evening Telegraph* furnished their readers with these reports, more or less extended, from day to day. The editor of the *Morning Post* displayed much interest and energy in the matter, and Mr. G. Percey English, phonographic reporter to the *Evening Telegraph,* was very assiduous and faithful in his work.

The results of the Meetings and the Festival, as already manifested and felt, are sufficient to inspire new strength for earnest work, new hope for the *complete* triumph of Freedom over Slavery, and new determination to stand at our posts until the black man's right to freedom and citizenship is acknowledged and *secured.*

M. G.

The Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and the festival held in Philadelphia last week, accounts of which we give in other columns, were occasions of more than usual interest to Abolitionists. The attendance was large, including most of our old friends and many new ones. The spirit which prevailed was one of deep earnestness, indicating not only a clear perception of the responsibilities of the present critical period, but a resolute purpose to press steadily forward to a full and complete triumph of our cause in a guaranteed freedom and equality for the colored race. The reactionary tide of feeling against equal enfranchisement, irrespective of color, as exhibited in the results of the recent elections, would be disheartening, if met otherwise than by the spirit of re-consecration, determined upon full victory, as shown at the Philadelphia meeting. With this spirit alive and active among Abolitionists, the ultimate result, whatever the fluctuations of politicians, is in nowise uncertain.

Our friends at Wilmington, Kennett, Westchester, Philadelphia and elsewhere, who subscribed and paid for The Standard to E. M. Davis or Mary Grew, will find receipts in this week's paper. If any omission should occur we hope to be promptly informed. Others in receipt of circulars who may wish to subscribe may remit directly to this office.

We have on hand a large surplus of matter designed for publication for which we have no space this week. We regret to be obliged to omit the favors of several correspondents and contributors, and also our notices of recent publications.

The report of Mr. Phillips's recent lecture in Music Hall, Boston, given elsewhere, we take from the Boston *Advertiser,* as made for that journal by Mr. J. M. W. Yerrinton.

The office of The Standard is at No. 39 Nassau street, Room 43. Office hours—9 a. m. to 3 p. m. Editor's office hours—10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

PERSONAL.

Garibaldi, with his two sons, it is announced by a late cable telegram, will shortly come to this country.

Lord and Lady Amberly are mentioned as visiting the public institutions of Boston in which they are greatly interested.

Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper has returned to Philadelphia to reside. She will answer calls to lecture, and may be addressed at No. 413 Lombard street, Philadelphia.

Sallie Holley will lecture as follows: Waterburg, November 19. Trumansburg, November 24. Reynoldsville, November 27. Searsburg, November 29. North Hector, December 1.

The Rev. John T. Sargent of Boston preached to a large congregation in Northampton on Sunday morning last; and in the afternoon to the Free Congregational Society of Florence, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Sargent have been spending a few days with friends in this city the past week. They returned to Boston on Wednesday.

Mrs. Francis D. Gage, who has been for several months an invalid, and under treatment at Dr. Taylor's in this city, is rapidly recovering, and expects at an early day to be able to resume her labors as a lecturer and writer.

Mr. J. E. Barr, of Lancaster, Pa., has recently issued a very correct and handsomely-executed likeness, large size, of the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens. It is engraved by John Sartain of Philadelphia, after a photograph from life by C. W. Erherman. There are many friends and admirers of Mr. Stevens who will be glad of the opportunity at this time to get so good a likeness of him as Mr. Barr has brought out.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Nov. 10, 1867.

OUR Fall election has taken place with a result which makes the Democracy loudly jubilant. Their candidate for Governor was John Quincy Adams, the son of Charles Francis Adams, and their rallying cry—"Adams and Liberty"—was profusely placarded about the streets for some days before the election. They lost Adams, but they gained Liberty to sell and drink spirituous liquors to any desired amount, and to have these easily accessible in the streets of the city; and the attainment of this latter object was considered as so much the more important of the two, that the result is regarded and boasted of as a success, especially as Mr. Adams is chosen a Representative, and can thus give his vote to assist the conviviality of his constituents. The result of this election shows two or three things pretty plainly: namely, that a good many Republicans have the same sort of thirst, and the same unscrupulousness about the means of quenching it, as the Democrats, and that Gov. Bullock gained his election more through an understanding that he would be indulgent to the liquor-sellers and drinkers than through any concern regarding his past or future as a Republican. The Republicans in this region seem to be sliding rather rapidly down the broad road; and the *Post* compliments them on the good-natured indifference with which they take their defeat.

Some of our lectures of late have been very admirable ones, especially those given by Charles Elliot Norton and Anna E. Dickinson in the Parker Fraternity Course, and by Wendell Phillips in the Old Bay State Course.

Mr. Norton discoursed on "Thought in America." One peculiarity of our country, he said, is the general diffusion of a moderate degree of intelligence, with a lack of high culture. In no other country is there at once so little gross ignorance and so little thorough learning. Many Americans are satisfied with this state of things; Mr. Norton considered it far from satisfactory. We need, it is true, the existing general intelligence, to carry out successfully the theory of our government; but we need also a high culture, which shall produce and sustain a race of great and original thinkers, from whom we may draw strength and inspiration. Mental productiveness is the best test of mental power and vitality; but this country has contributed little to the intellectual resources of mankind. We have done a good work in adopting great ideas of liberty based on general intelligence as the foundation of government; but we have originated little in the region of pure thought. For this latter end, persons of the highest training and culture are needed; but we cannot produce these until there shall be more wealth in the hands of our institutions of learning, and more respect in the community for the *fruits* of learning.

Mr. Norton thought that our history displayed the truth of these representations. In the colonial period we had produced but two great original thinkers of a type distinctively American. These were Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards. These were worthy to rank in mental vigor with their European contemporaries, Voltaire, Rousseau, Lessing and Johnson. Franklin might perhaps be called the prose Goethe of America.

Since the colonial period we have done next to nothing in the department of pure philosophy; and in religion and morals all that we have done is to embody in our institutions ideas already arrived at. Our chief representatives in religious philosophy were Dr. Channing and Theodore Parker, neither of them original thinkers. They merely gave adequate expression to the ideas of their time. In politics we had produced but one work of real original value, The Federalist. The writings of Adams, Madison, Monroe and Calhoun, and perhaps of Jefferson also, were valuable merely as contributions to history, not to original thought. In political economy we had written nothing that really advanced the world's knowledge of the subject. In physical and natural science we had made grand empirical discoveries for use in the arts, but no one since Franklin had enunciated new principles in science.

In pure literature (not mentioning the living, who would indeed help us to make out a case), we had produced two epics, neither of which any man of the present generation has read or will read. All that is distinctive of Irving is in the Sketch Book, and that is European. We had in the past only one great name in the department of the imagination, worthy to take his place with the European masters, and that is Hawthorne. The writers who have most deeply impressed our thought in all departments have, with the single exception of Mr. Emerson, been English and not American. The great sources of inspiration (as of that of England) have been Carlyle, in his earlier writings, John Stuart Mill, and Ruskin. In philosophy we were all either Hamiltonians or Positivists. Some of our historians might perhaps be ranked with Macaulay and Froude, but we had none to compare with Grote, Thirlwall, Merivale, and the representatives of the modern school of historical writing. The discoveries of the principles of the conversation and correlation of forces, and of natural selection, were English; and the lecturer thought that if we were cut off from European literature we should be in danger of making no more progress in thought, and of falling into a state of mental sloth and self-sufficiency like that of the Chinese.

Mr. Norton urged our great present need of high culture, suited to develop original thought, by reference to the great economic questions of our day, the relations between capital and labor, the mode of taxation, etc. He declared "Protection" to be a relic of ancient feudalism, a system of short-sighted selfishness which a class of highly cultivated thinkers would long ago have exposed and abolished. We have made as little progress, he thought, in matters of taste as of education. There has been a great increase of wealth, with no proportional increase of culture; and the majority of our rich people, absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure of a low order, are not successful in obtaining even the poor thing they seek. No people get so little for their money as this class of our population, or know so little how to enjoy life, even in their own way. Our architecture is poor, our art chiefly imitation, our criticism for the most part shallow and pretentious, and our wealthy people are not inclined to be munificient patrons of art and literature. The remedy for this state of things must come from improvement in our higher institutions of learning.

Mr. Phillips's lecture, entitled "The Dawdling Congress," described with great power the folly of the Republican party in being disposed to take for their candidate, on the score of availability, a man of whom they have no certain knowledge that his opinions, wishes, principles, go with them rather than with their opponents. The serious defects of Abraham Lincoln were partially counterbalanced by the fact that his face was Zion-ward. The present incumbent's face is manifestly hell-ward. And in this critical situation, demanding the resolute concentration of all patriots upon one purpose, many Republicans are wishing to choose for a leader one of whom no man can feel sure which way his face points; who may, for aught anybody knows, prefer to be the candidate of the Democracy rather than of the Republicans! Mr. Phillips thought that such power and influence as Andrew Johnson still possesses are due to the criminal reticence of such men as Stanton, Grant, Wilson, Fessenden and Sherman, who said only in private or not at all, what Sumner has proclaimed to millions—"That man is not a friend to be conciliated; he is an enemy to be crushed."

Miss Dickinson gave a very excellent lecture on "Idiots and Women." The title was taken from a legal instrument, forbidding the ballot to "criminals, paupers, idiots and women." She said that the distinction thus made was retained in practice only as far as regards the last of these classes; the criminals of the Southern rebellion have been largely admitted to the franchise; the poor whites of the South, who for a year past have been living on government rations for want of power to support themselves, have still their vote; and so have the idiotic politicians who maintain this state of things while they still insist upon excluding women. It is quite time to try the experiment with the last of these classes also.

Miss Dickinson exposed with great skill the absurdity of the pretence that if woman takes the ballot she must take the bayonet also. And, in reply to the allegation of the corruption belonging to politics, she showed very ably that this corruption was likely to last while caucusses of irresponsible men were allowed to select candidates for the parties. The remedy was (she very justly said) for intelligent men to go with their wives and sisters to the primary meetings, and see that good and trustworthy persons were put in nomination. This lecture is one of Miss Dickinson's best, and I hope it will be given in many places. NORTH.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10, 1867.

WHERE success rewards effort and good results follow our exertions, we always experience a serene satisfaction. Our meetings last week in Chester county, and the meetings and Festival in this city, were very gratifying to those concerned in their management, and we all feel that great good has been accomplished thereby. A beneficent influence has been widely exerted in behalf of our glorious cause. The important work in which we are engaged is benefited by many new and valuable accessions. We are cheered by the prospect of fresh auxiliary service, and there is more interest, more courage, and more hope.

In Chester county, especially, the old spirit has grandly revived. Good, kind, generous friends, who had relaxed their efforts in a measure through the force of certain circumstances, have again turned their faces full upon the noble work. There is an awakening consciousness that the voice of duty calls in that direction, that justice claims the activity of all her advocates, that there is nothing to justify indifference, and that ardor, vigilance and enthusiasm must prevail. It seems as though we were on the threshold of a new career. A more general earnestness is apparent, and there is an enlarged disposition to aid in promoting our immediate object. Welcome to the renewed vigor of the life-long champions of liberty—welcome to the host of young, active and efficient helpers who manifest such a readiness to co-operate in the movement.

Another pen will describe the meetings held in Kennett and West Chester, and will likewise give an account of the doings at the meeting held here in the hall of the Franklin Institute. The grand and paramount feature in connection with all these meetings was the presence of Wendell Phillips. His voice is always sufficient to inspire with resolution, and his sublime example of devotion to liberty and justice, so beautiful and rare, so faithful and intrepid, is enough to fill our hearts with a glowing purpose, and exhort us to spirited energy in the same field of labor. His lecture in Horticultural Hall was a finished and splendid effort, where brilliant thought, powerful logic and searching criticism were gracefully blended with the wisest political philosophy. I wish every intelligent citizen of Philadelphia could have heard it, and especially those Republicans who are clamoring to hoist into the Presidential chair a man whom nobody knows, whose opinions are kept in a dark closet wholly inaccessible, and whom certain copperheads persistently claim as their ally. But our newspapers have quite liberally published it, and many will read who did not hear. Yesterday the newsboys on the street were calling out, "*Evening Telegraph; great speech of Wendell Phillips.*" Our excellent *Morning Post* gave it in a supplement, gaining admiration for its worthy and enterprising act.

The *Evening Telegraph*, in commenting upon the speech, says, "As a philosophical exposition of the conflict of ideas in our country, and as an impassioned and moving appeal for such a settlement of the great struggle as shall give us lasting peace and concord between all sections, this speech stands prominent even among the productions of its distinguished author. While few will agree to *all* that is enunciated in it, yet its general tone and argument are such as must command the conviction of the great mass of intelligent thinkers of all parties."

The Festival on Friday evening, before and after the lecture, was a delightful entertainment. I believe it is generally acknowledged to have been a thorough success. It was admirably managed throughout, and all the appointments and appliances seemed to be complete. There were many busy and willing hands engaged in the essential employment of the evening, and the numerous young ladies who so efficiently bestowed their diligent attention, are entitled to a cordial vote of thanks. They fully merited the praise that was so freely accorded.

Every person in the animated throng seemed to participate in the joyous spirit of the occasion. It was a grand social ingathering of the steadfast friends of freedom, where tottering age and sprightly youth joined in the general festivity. The presence of Wendell Phillips, Thomas J. Durant, Lucretia Mott, Aaron M. Powell, Robert Purvis, Judge Kelley, Col. Moss, and many other prominent and zealous people whose names I cannot now recall, gave special interest to the occasion. Our country friends presented a fine representation, and the manifold services they rendered in various ways were well appreciated. The helps, the gifts, the labor bestowed, and the various articles furnished for the tables from so many sources, merit a return of hearty thankfulness, and some of the more conspicuous instances of attention, particularly on the part of the generous caterers, deserve to be specially mentioned.

I cannot now give the sum which the avails of the lectures and Festival amount to, but can say that it is a very encouraging return.

It is gratifying to see and to know how largely the element of youth infused itself into this movement. Great dependence was placed upon the young people, and their willingness to do and energy in doing, their participation in the good work, their countenance and support of the great cause we are seeking to promote, are creditable to them, and justly deserving of approbation. Their example alone has its uses. Let them be assured that their work does not spend itself in the present moment. Its influence extends beyond and above this, and it may possess greater weight and higher importance than they now discern. Just as the little rills feed the stream in which the great river has its source, or the seeds of wheat sown in the soil are destined to affect the whole commercial world, where supply and demand assert their inevitable laws, so their deeds of to-day, however small, are tributary to a work of greater magnitude, which is instrumental in moulding and shaping popular opinion, and preparing men's minds for that conviction which is the forerunner of the universal establishment of impartial suffrage. This work is a practical declaration of the immortal text which proclaims that "all men are created equal." W.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 12th, 1867.

ANOTHER attempt to read the riddle presented by the political Sphinx, whose position so puzzles the American politician. Is there any way to get at the opinions entertained by the General commanding the American army? The latest pronunciamento has only excited another storm of contradiction. As you are aware, Col. Forney has committed himself to the Grant cabal. Since the appearance of that editorial endorsement, "in my two papers, both dailies," the principal business of the reporters has been to send dispatches contradicting or affirming the truth of the position here assumed. Forney's support of Grant is based upon the speech of Gen. Rawlins made at Galena, some months since, upon a more recent speech of E. B. Washburne, and a letter written by Grant to Logan during the canvass of '63.

Immediately upon the appearance of this article, Montgomery Blair had an interview with Grant. Afterwards he told the New York *Herald*, and Boston *Post* correspondents that Grant repudiated the whole affair, didn't want anything to do with Forney, and repudiated Washburne. In the latter case Blair doubtless "drew the long bow." But there is another individual, whose stray words are carefully watched by the journalistic Paul Prys. This is Grant's brother-in-law, Brig. Gen. Dent, a small *dent* of a man, of no earthly consequence whatever, except as he may know something of his illustrious brother-in-law's views. Dent, it is declared, asserts that Grant repudiates Forney, and will only consent to become President by the wish of the whole people. That Dent has said something of the kind I have excellent reasons for believing. But he has probably got snubbed at Head-quarters for his frankness, and is to-day busily engaged in authorizing denials of the statement. Who is correct? It is very certain that many men believe that they do know something of Grant's views; but if you sound them, they will be like Judge Kelley, who confesses only to a belief in the General's soundness.

Whatever Grant may think himself—whatever would be his policy, if he saw fit to express it, there is not the slightest doubt that the Grant movement, as now managed, is entirely one of expediency. There is no principle in it. In fact its chief element of success is an "hurrah, boys!" and an ignoring of all definite issues. This is expressed by what I heard a good fellow, for a politician, say would be the rallying cry in the next canvass. "The next President will be Grant," he said. "I fear so," was my reply. "The platform will be 'Grant, Geary, and Congress,'" he rejoined. 'We must put Geary on so as to carry Pennsylvania, and with Grant's popularity and the reaction to beat, we don't want anything more definite than a cry for Congress." Forney's support is then explained. He runs Geary, and would expect to be powerful with the Administration if the Governor was elected Vice-President.

On the night of the New York election, the Hon. E. B. Washburne openly expressed his hope that the Democratic majority would not be less than 65,000, as such a defeat would be sure to make the Republicans anxious for Grant's nomination. So much for the principle involved in Mr. Washburne's support of the silent hero.

As for Logan's support of Grant, I know that but a few months since that gentleman was entirely and even personally hostile to any such nomination. If he takes him it is because it is expediency and not principle. When did *General* Logan ever withdraw his troops and abandon the field, because some other of the line had met with disaster?

Thayer is about the truest man of the sweet quartette now engaged in chanting praises of Grant's Radicalism, Washburne, Logan, and Forney being the other three. He was an original Free Soiler, and has always been a Radical. But his advocacy is founded altogether on a belief in Grant's intentions, his capacity, and availability. As for Rawlins, the Chief-of-Staff, when the Radicals are informed as to the object of his coquetry at Philadelphia with the leaders of the Doolittle-Dick Taylor Convention in August, 1866, then they may believe that something other than self-interest has dictated his views.

From a careful survey of all that is known *pro* and *con*, I gather this idea of Grant. He is a man of naturally conservative character; a good patriot and citizen, not hitherto possessed with much knowledge of political details, a great deal of independence, and *very much more ambition than he has hitherto obtained credit for.* Gen. Grant desires to be President of the United States. In becoming that, he will not accept a copperhead nomination, but he is determined if nominated at all to be so without pledges. The expression attributed to Dent is probably a correct representation of Grant's view. When he shall be President, the Republican's may rest assured that he will just as soon, and perhaps a little sooner, fill the offices at his disposal with Democrats of moderate view and good character, as with earnest Radicals of equally as good qualifications. Doubtless he will do it honestly, for such temperaments as Grant's are predisposed to believe that good character and moderate view is much more important than correct opinions and clear insight. The Republicans who think the balance of the Reconstruction struggle can be most wisely settled by the appointment of Longstreet and other honest rebel soldiers in the South, for instance, will sustain Grant.

About Congress, there is little doubt that Grant accepts and approves the Reconstruction plan now in operation. It is without doubt true that in his evidence in the impeachment investigation he will be found to have said that he always considered Congress as being the only power to decide the terms of reconstruction, and that the President's appointment of Provisional Governors was by him (Grant) deemed only a temporary expedient adopted in an emergency, and subject to the action of Congress. But whether Grant has any other opinions is uncertain. He certainly persistently refuses to give utterance to any. The letter written to the President against the removal of Sheridan, would without doubt give the country a better idea of the real opinions of our Sphinx than anything else.

Before this is published the President will have given his views. He is to be serenaded to-morrow night, after a great Democratic meeting which is to be held in front of the Capitol. From various outgivings it is expected he will be very bitter in denunciation of Congress, and it is not at all unlikely that he will threaten resistance should impeachment be pressed. The speech will, it is believed, be as important and as violent in character as that made to a similar gathering on a memorable 22d of February.

That Gen. Grant will be kicked out of his temporary chair within a day or two there is no doubt. The President has determined to nullify the Tenure of Office law, by appointing a Secretary of War, and treating Mr. Stanton's removal as a thing with which the Senate has nothing to do. I think the choice will be Steedman or Tom Ewing, Jr. The Presidential organs intimate that the coming meeting of Congress will not be recognized by him as anything but a special session. The ground assumed is that the regular session is fixed by the Constitution for the first Monday in December. But Congress by law, as it had a right to, provided that it should meet on the Fourth of March. So there can only be an adjourned session, which meets on the 20th inst. The object is an evasion of the Tenure of Office law. Reasons for removal or suspension must be sent into the Senate within twenty days after it assembles. If the present meeting be regarded as a special session to adjourn at noon on the first Monday in December, the law can easily be evaded, as there are only nine days in such a session. Probably Trumbull and Fessenden will indorse this, as they do the view that Mr. Stanton, not having been formally appointed by Mr. Johnson, does not come under the operations of the law.

Wonders will never cease. John Sherman is more radical after the Ohio elections than he was before. He declares that no Republican nomination must be made otherwise than on Radical issues. Of course, being for Chase, he is against Grant. John Sherman also thinks that the National Banks need to be pruned a little of some of the advantages they now possess at the people's expense. The firm of Jay Cooke and Co. are getting wise.

Binckley, the wonderful assistant Attorney-General, is engaged just now in the examination of certain claims. Among others is one of the *National Intelligencer* for $19,000, for the publication of the Assassination Conspiracy Trial. This is one of the most imprudent and bold attempts at plundering the Treasury I have heard of. The journals generally paid large sums for obtaining reports of the proceedings. The *Intelligencer* people made an agreement with Mr. Sutton, official reporter of the Senate, to pay him [illegible] 0,000 for a duplicate of the report he was making. It was furnished regularly. The paper published the proceedings as an advertisement, without being ordered to, cheated Sutton out of his pay, and sent in a bill for the amount claimed. Judge Holt, to whom it was referred by Mr. Stanton, indorsed upon it that no such advertizing had ever been ordered, and that the attempt to make a claim was the veriest impudence. Since Binckley graduated from the *Intelligencer* office to the Attorney-General's, it has been exhumed.

The Cabinet changes are again being discussed. There is not the slightest doubt that the President agreed to put Gov. Seymour into Mr. Seward's place. But as the Democracy didn't endorse him, he would not take their man.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Post* has again the entre of the White House.

The Associated Press agents in the South are still industriously engaged in misrepresenting political affairs there, in the rebel interest. The *Tribune*, it is understood, owns a large proportion of the stock of the Associated Press. Certainly a majority of its patrons are found in the Radical press. Yet all its agents here, and further South, are the meanest of disloyalists. Is there no remedy for their misrepresentations?

I see Col. Moss, of the Lynchburg (Va.) *Record*, is in town. He is about to start on a Southern tour, and I trust that one of its results will be to prove the falsity of Col. Forney's most recent declaration, that the nomination of Gen. Grant is demanded by the Southern Radicals. We shall hear some emphatic denials of this impudent assumption ere long from the ablest and most trusted of the Radical loyalists. Ask Durant, of La., if he is for Grant? Ask Hamilton, Pease, Bell and Paschall, of Texas? Ask Griffin, of Mobile; Pillsbury, of South Carolina; Tonge, Holden and Harris, of North Carolina; Hunnicutt, of Virginia—in short, ask any of the men who stood for Impartial Suffrage when Henry Wilson begged them not to whisper its name in Philadelphia, when the Northern Governors tried to bully them into silence, and Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky Republicans sold their honest convictions for the mere shadows of expediency—ask all these if they are ready to be sold for a mere name—"sounding brass and tinkling cymbal"—as so far it certainly has proven to be. You will hear from the Southern Radicals on the Grant question ere long, and in a way that will not be agreeable to the money changers.

ASMODERMUS.

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society was held in the Hall of the Franklin Institute, in Philadelphia, on Friday the 8th of November.

ROBERT PURVIS, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, took the chair and announced that this was the thirty-first anniversary of this Society. He stated that he had been requested by the venerable President of the Society, JAMES MOTT, to occupy the chair, as the infirmities of age had rendered him incapable of performing the duties of presiding officer. Lavinia T. Reed was appointed Secretary *pro tem.*

On Motion of ALFRED H. LOVE a committee of three persons (Mahlon B. Linton, William H. Johnson, and Thomas Garrett) was appointed to nominate officers of the Society for the ensuing year.

On motion, a committee on Finance was appointed, consisting of Edward M. Davis, Mary Grew and Edwin H. Coates.

MR. EDWARD M. DAVIS made a few remarks, prefacing them with an appeal for funds to enable the anti-slavery cause to be carried on to a successful consummation. He said that great interest had been manifested at the meetings at Kennett Square and West Chester, where money had been liberally subscribed, and he believed great good had been done by those meetings, for the cause. A thorough organization was necessary in all the small towns within thirty miles of Philadelphia. He would appeal to the Republican party to make the issue absolute, and just as simple as possible, that this is not a white man's Government. The issue in the coming election should be, Shall the colored man have suffrage? He believed in the loyalty, intelligence, and in the enlightenment of the men of this State, and that they would vote affirmatively on that question.

MARY GREW, spoke briefly on individual responsibility to the cause of freedom, and the duty of every member of the Society to work faithfully according to his ability, whether one, five or ten talents have been committed to him.

Col. C. E. Moss, of Missouri, said that one year ago he had advocated those principles which had made such great progress since. He had witnessed with pain the result of the recent elections in the North. Had the question been universal suffrage the defeat would not have been so bad. The four millions of black people in this country who six years ago were chattels are to-day men. They have made great progress in education. To-day in point of capacity to read and write, they stand alongside, aye, and beyond the white people of North Carolina in 1860. They have a greater proportion to-day of readers and writers than was found among that class in 1860. They have shown their capacity for self-government, and are demonstrating it.

In the Southern States, where the elective franchise has been conferred upon them, they voted quietly; no riots or murders, and more than all that, there was no selling of votes. Their ballots were cast for liberty. They aided in saving the nation.

The Republicans found they could not carry on the struggle to sustain the Union without calling on all men to bear arms. The Republicans must remain true to the principles of justice. The speaker hoped the day would soon come when the talk about race, "white man's government," etc., would cease.

MARY GREW presented the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the revelations which are daily made of the continued purpose of the Rebel leaders of the South, to regain by political diplomacy the supremacy which they lost on the battle-field, and continual manifestations of hatred towards the colored man throughout the South, excepting where such manifestations are restrained by the presence of the military forces of the United States, prove that the work of the American Abolitionists is not completed: and call upon us to stand faithfully at our posts until those to whose redemption we are pledged shall be secured in the full possession of their liberty.

Resolved, That the timid and faltering course of the Republican party, its lack of confidence in the principles of absolute Right, and its lamentable failure to meet the demands of the nation in this perilous crisis, forbid us to leave our work in its hands.

Resolved, That we regard as utterly faithless to its professed principles and worse than suicide of the party, the proposal to contend against the Democrats for the nomination to the Presidency of a man whose principles, if he has any, are so undefined that friends and foes of freedom alike claim him as their coadjutor; whose love of liberty, if he has any, is so faint that it inspires no word from his lips in behalf of imperiled justice; and who listens in silence when his great name is quoted against negro suffrage, and eulogized by Montgomery Blair and the New York *Herald*.

Resolved, That in the present national crisis we appreciate the influence which the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD is exerting on the public sentiment of the country, through our daily journals as well as its own readers, and through the radical portion of the members of Congress, who testify earnestly to its great value to themselves in their conflict, and implore its continuance; and we heartily respond to its claims on all true friends of freedom for its support; and urge our coadjutors to replenish its treasury, and extend its circulation as widely as possible.

Resolved, That we hail with joy the accession of the *Morning Post* to the list of daily journals of Philadelphia, and that we congratulate the public upon the high moral tone in which it speaks on the great questions of the day, and the fearlessness and fidelity with which it contends for the right and rebukes wrong; and that we heartily commend it to the patronage of our fellow-citizens.

Resolved, That with grateful joy we record the fact that since our last annual meeting, the doors of our city railroad cars have been opened by our State Legislature for the admission of our colored fellow citizens; and though we regret that the Christianity of this city was insufficient to accomplish this act of justice without the intervention of the authority of the State, we rejoice that it is done, and that our colored citizens are relieved from the cruel insult and our city from the deep disgrace which, for so many years they have endured.

Resolved, That we call upon the American Congress to be faithful to its duty, in this perilous crisis, by impeaching and deposing Andrew Johnson from the Presidency of the United States, and placing the Executive Department of the Government in loyal hands during the remainder of this Presidential [illegible]

AARON M. POWELL, next addressed the meeting. He said that the chattelism against which we formerly waged our warfare has been abolished. The freedom of the negro, in the sense which we speak of freedom for the white man, has not yet been definitely secured. The real cause of the recent defeat which has overtaken the Republicans is an unchristian, cruel, and unrelenting hatred of the black race, because of its complexion. In the months immediately before us we have large responsibility resting upon us, growing out of the peculiar trials and temptations incident to a Presidential campaign.

There are men, earnest enough as Radicals when there is nothing political at stake, but as soon as the trial born of political temptation comes, ready to seek the ground of availability, whereon they may stand and promote personal and party ends. It is true, as is stated in the resolution, that the New York *Herald* and the Democratic journals abroad in the country are eulogizing General Grant. From the lips of Montgomery Blair he is quoted as opposed to negro suffrage. He has as yet given no assurance to the Republican party and Abolitionists that if he were made President he would be the friend which the black man needs in this terrible emergency.

In advance, then, of the temptation which will be presented to you individually, a few months later, let me warn you that it will be your duty again, as it has been in days before, to be caught by no uncertain promises, and with words which have not the justification of solid facts which will warrant your confidence.

We need to urge the most radical measures, and stimulate to the uttermost the leaders of the party which is most fully identified with the cause of the negro. We need to exert ourselves to the uttermost to keep the standard of radicalism high and thoroughly uncompromising.

Let us, by a firm adherence to the principles which have animated us hitherto, go forward and make a radical opinion, which shall govern those who are the agents of the people in the pathway of equal justice for all men, and for all women, without reference to race or color.

AFTERNOON SESSION.—The meeting assembled according to adjournment, at two o'clock.

The Treasurer's Report was presented by MARY GREW.

MARY GREW, *Treasurer, in Account with the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.*

DR.

To Balance on hand, Oct. 1, 1866	$21 16
" Cash received from the Phila. Female Anti-Slavery Society, February, 1867	100 00
" Donations from sundry persons, at various times, from Oct. 1, 1866, to Oct. 1, 1867	1007 43
	$1128 59

CR.

By Rent of Hall for Annual Meeting of 1866	$20 00
" Reporter's services and expenses	71 00
" Sundry expenses of Annual Meeting	23 69
" Rent of National Hall, Nov. 25, 1866	65 00
" Printing and advertising during the year	71 65
" Postage on the National Anti-Slavery Standard from Oct. 1, 1866, to Jan. 1, 1868	38 25
" For advertising in the Standard, as compensation for rent of A. S. office	69 00
" Cash paid for office rent	5 00
" Salary of Office Agent from Aug. 1, 1866 to Oct. 1, 1867	275 02
" Stationery, Postage, and Revenue stamps	64 29
" Sundry Expenses of office	5 50
" To the Phila. Female Anti-Slavery Society	100 00
" To the National Anti-Slavery Festival of 1867	300 00
Oct. 1, 1867 Balance in Treasury	20 19
	$1,128 59

The following letters were then read by MARY GREW:

LETTER FROM W. W. BROOM.

To the Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

FRIENDS: Continue and extend your organization. Give and obtain all the funds you can for Anti-Slavery education. Towards the colored race a fearful *reaction* is being consummated. The most influential Democratic newspapers audaciously declare that the negro must be oppressed. Last week the *Argus* (N. Y.) had a brutal article against the rights and elevation of those who helped to save a country that had been cruel to them. Now the country is to be made ungrateful. Apathy and indifference on our part will be a crime against the colored race, a crime against the welfare of our nation, a crime against the advancement of the human race. Popular sentiment is ebbing because Anti-Slavery education has not been pressed forward during the past twelve months.

Ten thousand dollars should be raised and devoted to the circulation of Anti-Slavery papers in all parts of the States where prejudice lingers or is being invoked against God's children robed in sable. Supineness in this direction will be the nation's death. I speak emphatically, because I have just returned from nightly talking in Schoharie county (N. Y.), where I have had to encounter the barbaric sentiment of the people against our abused colored brothers. The nation's garments are dripping with the hot tears of the insulted, condemned and downtrodden colored race. We are not living in a Christian country, we are where God is forsaken, and rights, freedom and justice are daily crucified.

Work on dear friends, till the political atmosphere is purified, till God is worshipped in word and deed, till we have a nation of men and women, not of color, sex, prejudice and rank. Respectfully Yours,

W. W. BROOM.

LETTER FROM ZEBULON P. WHITE.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Nov. 4, 1867.

MR. A. M. POWELL—

DEAR SIR: I see there is to be a meeting this week to raise funds to support the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD. I have been a subscriber to the paper since the *Liberator* was stopped, and feel such an interest in the perusal of the same, that I should feel very unwilling at the present time to have it fail for want of support. Enclosed please find five dollars as a donation to the paper, with my best wishes for the success of the friends who are laboring in its behalf. Yours Truly,

ZEBULON P. WHITE.

The following extracts from a letter addressed by Mrs. Gen. Saxton to Mary Grew, were read by the latter, who prefaced the reading by remarking that Mrs. Saxton and her mother, Mrs. Thompson, were well known to Philadelphia Abolitionists as their faithful and zealous coajutors for many years.

LETTER FROM MRS. MATILDA SAXTON.

ATLANTA, Nov. 4, 1867.

Our STANDARD arrived yesterday, bringing your appeal and I must tell you how very, very much we all long to be present at the Festival, both to help, and to meet some familiar faces and listen to our great leader, Mr. Phillips. But, instead, we shall have to content ourselves with reading about it, and enclosing a small contribution of $5 from myself, and $2 from my mother, her "widow's mite," she says. We would both be glad to send two or three times the sum, but the calls on us here are so numerous, and will become so much more so as the Winter approaches, that we are not able to do the half our hearts prompt. We have often had eight beggars a day, so importunate, and their wants so terribly real, that it is impossible to turn a deaf ear to them. They are all the poor whites. I have had only three or four colored persons to ask for assistance since I have been here. There is some poverty, of course, among them, but not to be compared with that among the white people. It has been a great source of pleasure to me this Summer and Fall to watch the many neat cabins the freed people have erected for themselves. One hill is entirely covered with them. A Southern man owned a large tract of land on it, and has been selling it to the negroes at good prices, but on easy terms of payment. His friends told him that he would have plenty of "niggers" squatting on it, but no money in his pocket. But he acknowledges that it has been one of his best speculations, as the negroes have paid so promptly. *They can* work; but the poor white people cannot. Most of their families are without fathers or brothers, they were sacrificed in the war. The women and young girls know neither how to work or sew, and no one cares to employ them in the house. It seems to me that factories might employ them if any were established here.

* * * * * * *

One of my old colored friends, whose back is scarred with many a lash, becomes almost hysterical when she speaks of her freedom and of the advantages of the children. "Oh!" she says, "when I see de chillen, black chillen, wid dere books under dere arms, a slate and a pencil, passing some of dere own masters on de street, who daren't stop 'm, I feels like glory, hallelujah! and a something comes up in my throat till it 'pears I'd choke."

We have had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the polls surrounded for the first time by colored men. When we drove up to the Court House and saw them standing so orderly, so quietly waiting their turn, some eating their dinner at a stand some enterprising colored person had erected, some talking over their ballots, we felt that for the first time they were free. The General congratulated them, my mother waved her handkerchief, to which they responded with their hats, and I believe I cried. I had one of the ballots given me, and you can imagine my indignation at not being able to use it. But "there's a good time coming."

Our schools are in a flourishing condition. The General and I have classes in the Sabbath School; and the "Secesh" say we "both might as well be niggers, for we love them so much." If there is any true loyalty here, I have not seen it, except in a few cases; and the Union people are as much ostracised as they were before the war; and we Yankees are traduced constantly.

MATILDA G. SAXTON.

EDWARD M. DAVIS spoke on the subject of Finance, announcing several donations to the Society, and reading notes received from the donors.

Brief addresses were made by Wendell Phillips, Lucretia Mott, Aaron M. Powell, and Col. Moss, Col. Hinton, Dr. Charles B. Purvis, and Mrs. Josephine Griffing, of Washington.

The series of resolutions read in the morning, were unanimously adopted. The following officers of the Society were elected for the ensuing year.

President—JAMES MOTT.

Vice-Presidents—Thomas Garrett, Robert Purvis.

Corresponding Secretary—Benjamin C. Bacon.

Recording Secretary—Edward M. Davis.

Treasurer—John K. Wildman.

Additional Members of the Executive Committee—Lucretia Mott, Margaret J. Burleigh, William Hill, Mary Grew, Alfred H. Love, Sarah H. Peirce.

The audience was invited to proceed, on adjournment of this Meeting, to Horticultural Hall, on Broad st. to attend a social Festival of the Friends of Freedom, and listen to a lecture from Wendell Phillips, at a later hour of the evening.

The meeting then adjourned.

Special Notices.

"THE NOO YORC LEDGER OF WIT" Established 1858, LARGE DOUBLE SHEET ILLUSTRATED, HUMOROUS NOOZEPAPER, only FIFTY CENTS per year. Great inducements to Agents. Specimen copies sent to any address FREE OF CHARGE. Address all communications to SHELDON, HOWARD & CO., Box 3,725 New York City. 28 33

THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN will begin their Fifth Annual Term, of 20 weeks, at the College in 12th Street, two doors east of Fourth Avenue, the first Monday in November. Address the Dean, MRS. C. S. LOZIER, M. D., 361 West 34th Street, N. Y., or the Secretary, Mrs. C. F. WELLS, care of Fowler and Wells, N. Y.

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE IVY GREEN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the moulding dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he steaketh, though he has no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he;
How closely he twineth, how closely he clings
To his friend, the huge Oak Tree;
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTES FROM GERMANY.

BADEN-BADEN, Germany, Sept. 30, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR SIR: We left Paris the last of July for Ems, a watering place in the Grande Duche of Nassau, where I was ordered by my physician, in order to try the effect of its celebrated mineral springs. En route we stopped at Brussels and Antwerp in Belgium, Cologne and Bonn. From Bonn we came up the Rhine to Coblentz, and after stopping there a few days, finally arrived at Ems the 17th of August.

BRUSSELS.

Brussels, which was the first resting place, is a neat and pretty city, and is sometimes called "Paris in miniature." It certainly resembles it greatly, especially the newer districts, on which the late King Leopold bestowed a great deal of attention.

The city is rich in churches, and the cathedral is a splendid specimen of Gothic architecture. The painted glass of its windows is very beautiful, and that in one of its chapels called St. Gudule, is considered the most exquisitely painted window in Europe. The carved pulpit by Verbruggen represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, and is a most wonderful production of art.

The Museum of Brussels contains many valuable pictures, with a few of Rubens, including his "Christ bearing the Cross," but the most valuable of his paintings are at Antwerp. There are several private fine art collections in the city belonging to nobleman and others, which are well worth visiting. Among those collected by the Duke d'Arenberg, I had the pleasure of seeing some of the finest paintings of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

While in Brussels I made an excursion to the famous battle-field of Waterloo. The plain where this memorable conflict occurred is about two hours' drive from the city of Brussels, and besides a stage coach which runs daily, there are innumerable private conveyances always ready to convey the curious visitor to the field. Having arrived, my first business was to ascend to the top of a mound which has been raised in the middle of the plain, and from the top of which the whole field of battle can be distinctly seen. The features of the ground, the position of the troops and the battle itself have been so often described and are so well known to all that it is unnecessary to speak of them at all. The country people round about Waterloo, have a singular faculty for divining the nationality of people, and the guides who beset one on every hand modify with an admirable skill the version which they give of the battle, according as the visitor is French, English, Dutch or Prussian. As it may interest the curious, I subjoin two of them:

FRENCH VERSION.

Monsieur is French, Ah! if you please, we all here love France. We are French. If there had not been treason, those English dogs would never have beaten the great Napoleon. Yes, they betrayed him. The English were there (pointing to a certain spot.) In the evening there was a grand ball in Brussels. Wellington came in ball costume, with silk stockings. He concealed himself, hid behind a tree. He was afraid. Without the Prussians, all the English army would have been massacred. *They* did not gain the battle. No, Monsieur, it was the Prussians. Vive la France! Would you like to buy a photograph of the field of battle, Monsieur.

ENGLISH VERSION.

You are English, sir? I am very pleased to hear it. If we are Belgians and no longer French, it is to the English that we owe it. It is because they gave a good beating to their Napoleon. Wellington stood there (pointing to a distant knoll.) He cried aloud from afar to Bonaparte, "It is finished; it is thy last day!" He was in the saddle all day long. In the evening, he and Blucher shook hands at the "Belle Alliance." But without the English, the Prussians would have been cut in two. The English resisted all day long and saved the Prussian army. Vive l'Angleterre! Will you purchase a photograph of the field of battle, sir?

In the Dutch version, the Prince of Orange accomplished all, and in the Prussian one, the hero of the day was Blücher. Truly these guides understand human nature. They all claim besides to have assisted Victor Hugo in the preparation, of "Les Miserables" so far as the battle of Waterloo is concerned, and also to have rendered great service to the "Waterloo" of M. Thiers.

In Brussels I visited the house said to be the one where the grand ball was given by the Duchess of Richmond to Wellington, on the night of the battle, and from where,

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

so rudely interrupted by the booming of Napoleon's cannon. Opinions differ as to the correct location of this house, since three separate buildings lay claim to the honor, but the one I have mentioned, and which is situated in the Rue de la Madeleine, seems to have the largest number of supporters.

ANTWERP.

From Brussels we went to Antwerp, which is reached in an hour from the former city. It is a quaint-looking old town, and in its architecture a perfect representative of the Flemish style. The houses, six or seven stories high, and topping up to a point, seem to be in groups, and look as if they were dumped down already made. The streets are most irregular, turning and winding in every direction, and each one so like its neighbor that a stranger has considerable difficulty in finding his way about. The costumes of the market and peasant women are quite as odd and peculiar looking as the houses and the streets.

The elder women wear a long funeral-shaped white bonnet, of indescribable appearance, a small white or checked shawl neatly folded and pinned under the chin, a white apron and coarse cotton dress. A pair of heavy wooden clogs upon the feet complete this curious dress. The younger girls, true to their instincts, wear brighter colors, with scarlet, blue or pink trimmings, and pure white lace caps with wide borders or "lappels," which shade their rosy faces.

There is no place in Europe so rich in magnificent churches, adorned by the most remarkable works of art, as the town of Antwerp, which contains the finest productions of Rubens, Van Dyke, Teniers, and other great masters of painting, who were natives of this city. The most celebrated painting, and of which most everybody has seen engravings, is "The Descent from the Cross," the chef d'oeuvre of Rubens, and which is hung in the cathedral. One could gaze at this great painting for hours, so wonderful is its truthfulness. The attitudes and expressions of the Apostles as they are tenderly lowering our Saviour, the helpless heaviness of the dead body itself with the true imprint of death upon it, the sad but heavenly face of the mother, as she kneels near the foot of the Cross and looks upon the countenance of her Son, the faces of the other women gazing upon the scene with solemn awe, are all so admirably represented, that you are tempted to believe that he who painted it was inspired. May this picture never meet the fate which has lately befallen Titian's painting in Venice. Its destruction would be a terrible loss to the whole world. Opposite this is another, by the same artist, "The Elevation of the Cross." It is one of his most animated compositions. The "Assumption of the Virgin," and "The Resurrection," also by Rubens, are in another part of the Cathedral. Scattered about in other of the churches are many more of Rubens's pictures. In the Church of St. Jacques is the tomb of Rubens, marked by a plain and simple slab.

In the Antwerp Museum is a large collection of the paintings of the greatest Flemish artists. Rubens has a large number here, besides which there are many by Van Dyke, Sneiders, and Jordaens.

Probably every visitor to the Antwerp Museum has noticed an artist engaged in copying noted pictures, and who is without arms, and *paints with his toes.* This gentleman, whose name unfortunately has escaped me, is 30 years of age, and was born in his present condition. He paints with his right foot, holding the brush between his great toe and the next one, with perfect ease and great skill. His pictures are faithful copies of the original. From being obliged to have his feet serve him the double purpose of hands and feet together, his toes have grown quite long, about half the size of fingers. He does everything with the greatest freedom, and mixes his paints, adjusts his easel, and changes brushes with a rapidity not excelled by anybody in full possession of all their limbs. It is worth a visit to Antwerp to see this painter.

COLOGNE.

From Antwerp our next stopping-place was Cologne, on the Rhine. The city, so well known for its manufacture of Eau de Cologne, is, nevertheless, emphatically a city of *bad smells.* If it could be well deluged with its fragrant product, it would have a most beneficial effect upon the whole city.

Every maker of Eau de Cologne in the city declares that he is the genuine Maria Farina, and for a stranger it is a very puzzling thing to make a proper choice and not be imposed upon. I have reasons which induce *me* to believe that *Francois* Maria Farina, 4711 Glockengasse, *is the maker of the best Cologne water*, and I would add for the benefit of any one coming to Europe, and who may visit Cologne, that they will do well to buy Eau de Cologne at his shop only. Also they must not allow themselves to be persuaded that any other Farina is better because all the shopkeepers deny even the existence of Francois.

The principal thing of interest in Cologne is the Cathedral, which is yet in an unfinished state. When finished, it will be the most splendid specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. Besides the Cathedral, there is not much of interest in this old city. From Cologne we proceeded to Bonn by rail, and then taking the steamboat, went up the Rhine to Coblentz. The scenery of this magnificent river has been so often described that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to say anything at all about it, and therefore I will simply declare that after contemplating the beauties of its banks, and the majestic appearance of its grim castles, as they rise abruptly on either side, one wishes that it might never end, but go widening on forever.

COBLENTZ.

We remained a few days at Coblentz, a fortified Prussian town on the Rhine. Opposite the town is the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the strongest fortification on the Rhine. The view from the top is very extended, embracing a large part of the Rhine, and visitors are allowed, on payment of a trifling tax, to ascend and enjoy it at their leisure. The Queen of Prussia was then at Coblentz, and I used to meet her almost every day, walking in the beautiful public garden called the Rhinewalk. The Queen is very fond of Coblentz, and she spends nearly half the year there. What the attraction is I cannot imagine; for, with the exception of the Rhinewalk, which extends for a mile along the bank of the Rhine, and is one of the most beautiful public walks in all Germany, there is not a duller town in the Rhine provinces. While at Coblentz I attended a shooting match, gotten up by the officers and soldiers in garrison there. The spot selected was a small, grassy plain, near Coblentz, and the stands for shooting were nicely shaded by trees. There was a large attendance of officers, and the King and Queen of Prussia were both present, the King, who was staying at Ems for his health, coming up especially for the fete. After the shooting came dancing on the greensward, and at its conclusion a collation was served. Through the kindness of Gen. H. Von Bietenfeld, Commander-in-Chief of the Rhine provinces, I had the honor of a seat at table, facing the King. I had seen his Majesty before at Paris, but never before in such close proximity. The King is 72 years old, but is as active and appeared as well as a man of 40. He wears a moustache and sidewhiskers, which are quite gray, and his head is slightly bald. He has rather a benevolent countenance, and is, altogether, a fine looking man. He speaks calmly and smiles continually when conversing. He looked as if he might sustain another campaign, but I doubt if it would be as successful as the one last year against the Austrians. After collation the prizes were distributed, the Queen giving out the first, and the ladies of the Court the rest, until only one remained. This one the King gave personally. Their Majesties then retired, and the fete was then at an end. It was a very successful affair and heartily enjoyed by both officers and men, the presence of the King adding very much to the éclat of the proceedings. From Coblentz, a ride of an hour in the railway brought us to Ems, where we staid three weeks, in order to try the effect of its mineral springs.

EMS.

Ems is one of the prettiest of the German watering places, and is unquestionably a very exclusive and aristocratic one, the German and Russian nobility resorting thither in large numbers every year. The town is situated in a narrow valley, nestled in between lofty hills, and is divided by the river Lahn, a pretty little stream, which is spanned by dainty little bridges constructed at convenient intervals. The daily life of the majority of visitors at the German fashionable resorts, is a mixture of idleness and dissipation. Ems is as good an illustration, perhaps, as any, the only difference being that, at other places, the same life exists in a greater or less degree. The time for drinking the waters is between 6 and 8 a.m., and the locality of the springs is crowded at that time with the patients, either trying to get at the spring to have their glasses filled, or walking up and down, glass in hand, drinking their water leisurely and listening to the fine music of the band, which plays at this time, probably as an agreeable accompaniment to those who are obliged to hurry from their beds to drink the waters at such an early hour. The Ems water is very warm, and the quantity taken is about three glasses, at intervals of fifteen minutes, while meantime the patient must walk gently up and down the promenade.

At eight o'clock everybody goes home to breakfast. After breakfast people lounge about in the shady walks, or stroll down to the "Kursaal" to read the papers. The "Kursaal" is a large and elegantly-furnished building, devoted to the amusement of the visitors. It contains reading-rooms, a ball-room, a restaurant, and lastly, that curse of all the German watering-places, the gambling-rooms, which are in full operation from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m. At 1 o'clock everybody dines, for the Germans dine at noon, unlike other Continental nations, who all dine at 6 in the evening. In the afternoon, those wicked enough to do so, repair to the "Kursaal" to gamble, and it is no unusual thing to see a princess or a countess staking her gold on "Roulette" or "Rouge et Noir," with a coolness and recklessness quite astonishing to a stranger. It is a very amusing study to watch the countenances of the players as luck is for or against them. Vast sums are annually lost and won at the tables, and I have seen men win and lose a thousand dollars in an hour. At 5 o'clock the bands commence to play again, and the promenade is soon crowded with elegantly-dressed people, the toilettes of some of the ladies being most gorgeous. In the evening there is a free concert at the "Kursaal." Now and then there is a grand ball which varies the monotony. There are very many delightful excursions to be made to the top of the neighboring hills, and for people who like rowing, there are very many good boats to be had at a reasonable price. Therefore for those who really come to Ems for their health and not for gaiety, three or four weeks can be passed very agreeably in these healthful amusements, and thus some real object attained. But for those who are weak enough to plunge into all the dissipations of a German watering-place, I am sure there must be many who rue the day that they ever set foot in it.

WIESBADEN.

From Ems we went to Wiesbaden where the Prince and Princess of Wales are staying. The hot springs of Wiesbaden are renowned for their wonderful effect in curing rheumatism, and the Princess, who is far from recovery, has come hither to try their effect. The presence of royalty has made Wiesbaden, always very popular, gayer than ever, and a large number of fashionables, especially English, have followed in the train of the Princess. The Prince can be seen almost every day strolling on the promenade, or sitting talking with the ladies and listening to the music. While there I saw him often, and sometimes sat near enough to him to hear his conversation.

He is greatly changed from the smooth-faced youth that he was when visiting America, and now wears whiskers and a short beard, and is quite stout. The poor Princess is sometimes wheeled down to the "Park" in a Bath chair, for she cannot yet walk a step. But since she has been at Wiesbaden, great improvement has taken place, and her complete recovery is confidently expected.

The "Kursaal" at Wiesbaden is much larger than the one at Ems, containing a banquet and ball rooms, concert, reading and gambling rooms of the most splendid description. Opening out from the ball-room is a most beautiful park, with a pretty lake, shady walks, and a pavillion for the band which plays twice a day. Daily life is the same as at Ems, except on a larger scale. The crowd of elegantly-dressed ladies is larger, the gambling heavier, and the number of low characters proportionately greater. The situation of Wiesbaden does not, however, compare with that of Ems, but being so much larger it makes up the difference by the number and variety of its amusements.

BADEN-BADEN.

From Wiesbaden we have come to Baden-Baden, better known, perhaps, than any other watering-place in the world. No place can vie with Baden-Baden in the picturesque beauty of its situation. The town is built on the side of a hill, owing to the narrowness of the valley, and is hemmed in by pine-covered mountains which form the outworks of the Black Forest. The surpassing grandeur of the scenery has been so constantly dwelt upon by all who have seen it, that the hopeless task of description is rendered unnecessary; but if I should be tempted to express some of the delight it afforded me, it is only in behalf of my earnest desire to inspire all tourists with a wish to visit it who can, by any means, contrive to bring it within a Summer's excursion.

For those who like the beauties of Nature, they have only to wander a half-mile from the town and they will have long walks and magnificent views in endless profusion. If a scene of the most brilliant gaicty is what suits them, they can find it in the gorgeous saloons of the "Kursaal," where the gambling, the delicious music, the extravagant toilettes, the motley crowd of people of all nations, the laughing, talking and eternal bustle (yet with neither noise, tumult, or apparent excess of any kind,) make up a scene which constitutes the life of Baden-Baden. The extent to which gaming is indulged in is something frightful. For this year alone, it is supposed that no less than 32,000 persons have lost or won on the gaming-tables. The proprietor, M. Benazet, pays a rent of $50,000 a year, besides paying all the minor expenses of the establishment. I should say here that all the "Kursaals" in Germany are supported and kept up by the proprietors of the gaming-tables. An idea may be deduced from this of the terrible passion which men, and women too, have for gambling.

At the tables in Baden-Baden ladies of the highest rank stand, or rather sit, side by side with the desperate adventurer who stakes his last Napoleon on the game. But some days must be passed in Baden-Baden and some acquaintances made among the company, before the strange anomilies of this scene can be fully understood. The Prussian government, to their credit be it said, are taking measures to suppress the gambling in the Duchies which have recently come under their sway; as, for instance, Ems and Wiesbaden; but at Baden-Baden, which is not yet under their control, it will probably continue unabated and rather increasing year by year.

In Baden-Baden are two very interesting old castles. The new one (which, however, dates from the 14th century), I have visited, but of it I will speak in my next letter, as this is already too long.

Very truly, yours, E. Q. P.

THE Edinburgh *Courant* publishes the following as a verbatim copy of an "explanation" which a north country farmer sent to the surveyor, with the schedule return of the live stock on his farm: "I received your letter in due time the cow is 10 years the e sheep 8 the other 7 and the other 6 and the other is 5 and the other is 5 and the other is 5 that three is the same and the other is 4 and the other is 4 and the other to is 2 years and the other two cows the first one is three years and the other is 9 years, and that is all my cows and sheep."

PUNCTUALITY.—A committee of eight ladies, in London, was appointed to meet on a certain day at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual; but the eighth came hurrying in, with many apologies, for being a quarter of an hour behind time. She said that the time had passed away without her being aware of it; that she had "no idea of its being so late." A Quaker lady present said "Friend, I am not so clear that we should admit thine apology. It were a matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted *thine own* quarter of an hour; but here are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole, to *two hours*, and seven-eighths of it was not thine own property."

AFFECTION.

How much more we might make of our family life, if our friendship, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! we are now speaking merely of personal caresses of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, of fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled. But there are words and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulness, watchful little attentions which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heartwealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must of course love each other because they are relations. Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearings under the hands of a gardener; and love can dwindle and die, out of neglect, as choice flower seeds, planted in poor soil, dwindle and grow single. Two causes in our Anglo-Saxon nature prevent this easy faculty and flow of expression which strike so pleasantly in the Italian and French life—the dread of flattery and a constitutional shyness. "I perfectly longed to tell so-and-so how I admired her the other day," said Mrs. X. "Then why in the world didn't you tell her?" "Oh, it would seem like flattery, you know!" Now what is flattery? Flattery is *insincere* praise, given from interested motives, but not the sincere utterance of a friend of what we deem good and lovely. And so, for fear of flattering, these dreadfully sincere people go on, side by side, with those they love and admire, giving them all the time the impression of utter indifference.

Parents are so afraid of exciting pride and vanity in their children by the expression of their love and approbation, that a child sometimes goes sad and discouraged by their side, and learns with surprise, in some chance way, that they are proud and fond of him. There are times when an open expression of a father's love would be worth more than a church or a sermon would be worth to a boy, and his father cannot utter it—will not show it.

The other thing that represses the utterances of love is the characteristic shyness of the Anglo-Saxon blood. Oddly enough, a race born of too demonstrative, outspoken persons—the German and the French—has a habitual reserve that is like neither. There is a powerlessness of utterance in our blood that we should fight against, and struggle for outward expression.

We can educate ourselves to it, if we know and feel the necessity; we can make it a Christian duty, not to love, but be loving; not only to be true friends, but to show ourselves friendly. We can make ourselves say the kind things that rise in our hearts and tremble back on our lips; do the gentle and hopeful deeds which we long to do and shrink back from; and little by little it will grow easier—the love spoken will bring back the answer of love; the kind deed will bring back the kind deed in return—till the hearts of the family circle, instead of being so many frozen, icy islands, shall be full of warm airs and echoing bird voices, answering back and forth with a constant melody of love.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATION OF AMERICA.

AN ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.

THE Fond du Lac (Wis.) *Commonwealth* of October 15th says:

Dr. Whittier, of this city, yesterday showed us some ancient relics, which, together with the location in which they were discovered, will be of great interest to the scientific and antiquarian world. Discoveries have recently been made at Nashville, which have led to the belief that at some day this country has been inhabited by a race further advanced in the arts of civilization than the Indian, and this discovery, away out on the plains of Kansas, will add another link to the chain of that belief. The Doctor has been spending some months in Kansas, and among other places visited Butler county, which lies in the southwestern part of the State. The county has not been very extensively settled in, at present containing only about a thousand inhabitants. Whitewater river runs through this county, and, while walking along its banks, the Doctor discovered near the water's edge what appeared to be bones. Impelled by a natural curiosity, he investigated the subject, and was rewarded by finding that his surmises were correct. He found quite a number of bones, some of which he thought were human, but as they were all more or less decomposed, it was hard to decide whether they had belonged to human beings or to animals. He found one, however, which was four or five feet in lengthh and about fifteen inches in circumference. This bone had been broken off, and had some day belonged to an animal larger than any now known on this continent. Stimulated by these discoveries, he pushed his researches further, and commenced to excavate the bank of the river, where the bones were first discovered protruding out, as if the encroachments of the river had exhumed them from their burial-place. He dug into the bank where he found an apartment about three feet wide, and five feet deep, thirteen feet below the surface, the walls or edge of which were of a hard clay substance, evidently the work of human hands. In this apartment he found several urns. Each urn was provided with two handles, had evidently been made of hard clay, and was filled with a substance which looked like ashes. The vessels were somewhat broken, but one of them was about two feet high, the balance smaller. The Doctor showed us pieces of two urns, including the handles, which he brought home with him, and now has at his office. They are rudely constructed, yet there is a display of ornamental work on one of them, which shows that whoever made it—whether before or after the flood—had an eye for beauty, rude though it was. The top of one of the urns is also rudely ornamented. The Doctor is of the opinion, that at some day this apartment was used as a burial-place by a race of which we have no historical or traditional knowledge. He is also of the opinion that the urns were filled with the ashes of the dead. If his theory is correct—and there is no reasonable doubt but that it is—the discovery establishes the fact that the prairies of Kansas have at some time been inhabited by a race of people superior to the American Indians. The uncivilized Indians have no knowledge of pottery of any kind. Their burial customs are also known to be far different than that indicated by this discovery.

MR. F. T. BUCKLAND gives a curious account, in a weekly periodical, of a French giant, M. Joseph Brice, who is now exhibiting himself in the metropolis. He is so tall, that when he called on Mr. Buckland, at the Albany-street Barracks, "the troop horses shied and snorted at him, though they are pretty well accustomed to tall men. Lifeguardsmen of the highest stature can walk under his outstretched arm and not touch it by some inches, and when his arms are extended, his stretch measures no less than ninety-five-and a-half inches. M. Brice is a "*joli garcon*"—a very "nice" giant indeed—possessed of the best of good tempers, and quite the reverse of the disagreeable, quarrelsome monsters that giants are generally supposed to be. His exact height is said to be 7 feet 6 inches.

WALTER SCOTT.—Scott has done more for Edinburgh than all her great men put together. Burns has hardly left a trace of himself in the northern capital. During his residence there his spirit was soured, and he was taught to drink whiskey punch, obligations which he repaid by addressing "Edina, Scotia's darling seat," in a rhapsody of his tamest verses. Scott discovered that the city was beautiful—he sang its praises over the world, and he has put more coin into the pockets of the inhabitants than if he established a branch of manufacture of which they had the monopoly. Scott's novels were to Edinburgh what the tobacco trade was to Glasgow about the close of the last century. Although several laborers were before him in the field of the Border Ballads, he made fashionable those wonderful stores of humor and pathos. As soon as "The Lay of the Last Minstrel!" appeared, everybody was raving about Melrose and Moonlight. He wrote "The Lady of the Lake," and the next year a thousand tourists descended on the Trosachs, watched the sun setting on Loch Katrine, and began to take lessons on the bagpipe. He improved the Highlands as much as Gen. Wade did when he struck through them his military roads. Where his muse was one year, a mail-coach and a hotel were the next. His poems are grated down into guide-books. Never was an author so popular as Scott, and never was popularity worn so lightly and gracefully. In his own heart he did not value it highly; and he cared more for his plantations at Abbotsford than for his poems and novels. He would rather have been praised by Tom Purdie than by any critic. He was a great, simple, sincere, warm-hearted man. He never turned aside from his fellows in gloomy scorn; his lip never curled with disdain. He liked society, his friends, his dogs, his domestics, his trees, his historical nicknacks. At Abbotsford he would write a chapter of a novel before his guests were out of bed. When in Edinburgh, any one might see him in the streets or in the Parliament House. He was loved by everybody. No one so popular among the souters of Selkirk as the *Shirra.* George IV., on his visit to the northern kingdom, declared that Scott was the man he most wished to see. He was the deepest, simplest man of his time. He has proclaimed over all the world Scottish virtue; and he has put money into the pockets of Scottish hotel-keepers, Scottish tailors, Scottish boatmen, and the drivers of the Highland mails.

POWERS'S STUDIO IN VENICE.

READ the following pretty picture, taken from a Venice correspondent, of Powers's studio in that city:

There is no city in the world that possesses so many treasures of art as this, or that so well realizes the preconceived ideas of the traveller. But one of my first visits was paid, in company with the ladies, to the studio of Hiram Powers. I had known his son at West Point, and there we had been such strong friends that, though several years had elapsed, I hoped not to be entirely unknown within his father's house. Passing through a flower garden, inclosed on the side of the street by a high wall, we pulled the bell, and entering, were met by a workman, who suspended his occupation to take in my card. In a few minutes the door opened, and another workman, as I first supposed, walked towards us. There was nothing in the linen apron, that reached from near his neck almost to his feet, nor in the straw hat made without a brim, beneath which fell long, iron-gray hair, nor in the intelligent countenance that smiled a welcome, to distinguish at first sight the gravelooking master from the workmen around him. Observers must have noticed the peculiar beauty that characterizes the eyes of most workers in marble, and that results, doubtless, from their occupation, that requires such a nice cultivation of the eye and taste for the beautiful. Aware of this peculiarity, common to a class, I found nothing in the large, soft, brown eyes that now met mine, to indicate that their owner was the genius whose works are the pride of his countrymen. I was obliged to ask, "Is this Mr. Powers?" The answer being in the affirmative, the ladies were introduced, and the conversation became general. His dignified courtesy, warmed by a kindliness of manner that placed us in a moment on the footing of friends, his exceeding manliness in bearing and expression of thought, made us proud of the man and the country that produced him. Mr. Powers is, in appearance, somewhat heavily built, though not portly, with a well-proportioned figure, that moves with a graceful ease not peculiar to hard students. His features are massive, head well-developed, forehead broad and high, and eyes brown and large, which, though slow in movement, are impressive in character and full of candor and affection.

Some would describe him as resembling a plain, well to do and contented farmer; but I doubt whether there is anything to which he can be compared, for he is simply Hiram Powers, and, without being at all odd, is as original in appearance and character as in genius. But his principal charm is in his talk. Standing in the half light of his own private sanctum, beside his work, he held us listening to words that fell like music. One of the ladies asked him whether he had not forgotten all about America during his long absence. "No, madam," he replied, "I am more of an American now than I ever was, and have always intended to return some day to the United States." He spoke of the war, and of his encountering and overcoming secession sympathy while on a visit to England during the rebellion, and showed a thorough acquaintance with the present status of affairs at home.

A LATE SLAVE PROVIDES HER FORMER OWNER A HOME.—Within a few days past a case of somewhat novel character has been developed by some philanthropic ladies in Old Town, Baltimore. It seems that previous to the war a highly-educated lady was residing in North Carolina, upon a very large plantation, surrounded by luxury, and living in true Southern style. The results of the war reduced her to want. Her many slaves were emancipated by the Proclamation, and she left helpless and alone. She finally reached Baltimore several days since in search of some old friends, in great destitution, and was about to apply to the authorities for relief in her utter despair, when she encountered one of her old servants, now a resident in that city, who insisted upon returning the many acts of kindness displayed in the past, and actually provided her former mistress with a comfortable home.

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